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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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Vol. LXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

No. 2.

Maine Farmer.

The electric plow is turning the stubble in Germany. Next is wanted a modern Franklin to call down the electric power at his bidding.

Androscoggin Pomona discussed the question last week whether the farms of that county are as self-sustaining as they should be, and if not how shall their productivity be increased? Easy answers—do more on them.

The Massachusetts crop bulletin for the month of October rates prices of farm products low in the extreme. The cause assigned is the unprecedented yield of many crops raised for market all over the country.

Read the communication in another column on the use of Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of rust on potatoes. Mr. Richardson is not only a good farmer, but is a most careful experimenter. Our readers will thank him for this recital of his experiment. Who is the next man to report?

A letter from Nebraska from a responsible party gives the following prices of farm products: Oats sell for 10 cents; corn, 95 cents; wheat, 35 cents; corn, 15 cents—starvation for farmers—beets, 5 cents; potatoes, 15 to 18 cents per acre, costing 25 cents for cultivation, there is a profit of \$30 an acre, but the cultivator of the soil has to come to his knees too frequently to suit the average American farmer.

Mr. R. D. Leavitt, an extensive farmer of the town of Turner, believes that farming is a good business. He claims a young man who has the stuff in him and means business, buying a good farm on credit, can pay for it in six years by following the business of dairying, provided he has the capital to equip it with. That is good enough! Yet there are lots of young men who cannot see any possibilities in farming.

The Rangely Lakes states that Samuel Hano, a wealthy business man of Boston, has bought a large farm in Rangely, and extensive tracts of land adjoining, on which he proposes to carry on extensive farming operations. He has expended over \$5000 the past season in repairs, improvements and new buildings, and has felled 60 acres of trees which he intends to have in crops next year. He is in love with the healthy, has built expensive summer camps, and will erect a large, three-story block in the village another year.

Farmers are hard to satisfy. One year prices are light, and prices high as a consequence. The complaint is that the high prices cannot be taken advantage of from the lack of products to sell. Now a general bounty fills the land. Now the cry is that there is too much produced; farmers cannot sell their products for prices that leave any margin. Such is human nature! Every one wants the other fellow's crops a failure while his own are bountiful. It would seem that farmers have cause for thankfulness over the unsurpassed bounty of this year, notwithstanding prices are low.

The Country Gentleman, in its weekly review of the crops and the markets, claims that the talk of enormous corn production is somewhat exaggerated. In view of increase in population, it is not so large as in 1889, and scarcely as large as that of 1891. Besides, it follows a crop the smallest for more than a decade, and this means much in filling large gaps of depleted supplies. When corn is low, means abundant, forehanded farmers always store up their products and refuse to sell at current rates. So the present price, in the opinion of shrewd dealers and wise buyers, is lower than it should and will be next spring.

On Gov. Morton's farm at Rhinecliff, near the Poughkeepsie Eagle, there was harvested this season 100 acres. The variety grown was the Rival flint corn, developed during the past 40 years by a family in New Jersey; ears 12 to 15 inches long, stalks, 10 to 15 feet; yield 10 to 16 bushels per acre. The corn was raised to fill large silos holding together 2000 tons. The corn was cut by a new machine introduced this year, which cuts the standing stalks and binds them in bundles. The ensilage-cutter cuts the whole stalk into half inch pieces, cutting 200 tons per day. It required 50 men and 20 teams to gather, cut and store the corn.

The New York Condensed Milk Company have four factories, and have contracted for upwards of 200,000 pounds of milk per day from October 1 to April 1, 1896. The prices per 100 lbs. are as follows:

September, 1895.....	\$1.35
October, 1895.....	1.35
November, 1895.....	1.35
December, 1895.....	1.35
January, 1896.....	1.35
February, 1896.....	1.35
March, 1896.....	1.35
April, 1896.....	1.35

These seem like fair prices, but it must be remembered that they require the extra quality of milk. No ensilage or brewers' grains can be fed. Besides, milk must be cooled as soon as drawn, properly handled, and delivered to the factory at a low temperature at all seasons. The company has the right to inspect the cows, buildings, etc., and re-

ject any milk that is not up to the standard required.

Calves dropped by tuberculous cows, as shown by the tuberculin test, and fed on milk from non-tuberculous cows, showed no signs of consumption. But healthy calves taken from non-tuberculous cows, as determined by test, and fed exclusively upon milk from cows far advanced with tuberculosis, became tuberculous. In both these experiments it was in cattle that the calves were killed when three months old. So far as the experiments go they show that milk from tuberculous cows produces the disease, and that tuberculosis is not hereditary. Other experiments in this line are now in progress there. In every case where tuberculosis has been discovered in Iowa, it was in cattle that were kept in close stables, with more or less complete absence of sunlight, poor air, and little or no exercise.

LOCAL DAIRY ASSOCIATIONS.

The announcement of the organization of a dairy association in the town of Starks brings to notice a movement of more than ordinary importance, and which may well receive the careful consideration of any neighborhood of farmers. Dairying has long received special attention in certain sections of the State. The decline in other branches of the live stock industry in the State in late years, together with the introduction of the cooperative system of conducting dairy work, has brought this line of business more prominently to view, till it has come to be the leading stock interest of the State. Like almost everything else, the dairy, the farmer engaged in it knows about its details, the more successful and advantageous it becomes. There is much of detail about the business—the growing of food products, the care and feeding of the cows, and the handling of the milk—all requiring careful attention. Hence, more than in almost any other line of farm business there is a necessity for knowledge, and an opportunity to gain it from others, and call it or gather it up from various sources open to those who are in search of it. Hence, local organized effort, though limited in its range of territory, can do a vast work in developing and improving the business. The example set at Starks is a good one. There ought to be, and we hope will be, more of such local organizations. We have often argued that every creamery association would do well to provide for and assist in getting up meetings of its patrons, to compare knowledge and study ways, means and methods through which every or any feature of the work might be improved. Thus the highest knowledge among us might be made the common knowledge of all.

Now is a favorable time to go ahead and organize such work, and arrange for monthly meetings during the winter. What neighborhood, town or locality will lead in following the example of the Somerset farmers? You do not need great lecturers from New York, Canada or the West. Get down to work in farmers' club style. Learn first how much is known by yourselves, and there will be no trouble but a community will soon learn how much they do not know. The best will rise to the top, and thus will be brought prominently to the view of all. We earnestly commend such a movement to creamery associations.

SHORTHORNS AT THE FAIRS.

Shorthorn cattle are not wanted exclusively for beef purposes in this State and never were. Beef never was a special feature of the farming of our State and comes in only as an incidental feature along with others to fill a small gap in stock farming. Hence Shorthorn cattle have been important among us as a sort of general purpose breed to do some good work for the dairy and with it breed some choice steers to fill the wants of the farmers for oxen to work and finally to go to market for beef. Shorthorn cows have been the corner stone of the popularity of the fine white-faced steers which have been so widely popular among us.

Crossed with Hereford bulls they make the model steer. Hence they have been wanted, are wanted now in large numbers, for the milk they will furnish and the steers they bring forth. For such a purpose of course the milking families of the breed are much the more valuable. Therefore, our Shorthorn breeders from the start have sought to introduce and breed the strains of blood that were noted for their deep milking. Early in their efforts they were successful in this direction, and some of the best dairy cows among us were the result of their breeding.

But the milk producing powers of this breed have not been kept up to their earlier standard. While the demand for such cows is as great, even better than formerly, the deep milking Shorthorns are now few and far between. Even those earlier families introduced into our State, and handed down in the same line of breeding, are not showing the milking powers of their ancestry, while in other cases they have been bred with sires of the best-making type. Judging at the fairs has had not a little to do with this retrograde movement of the breed. Almost without ex-

ception in all these years the judgment of committees and of experts has been made on their beef qualities, or to use a common phrase, with an eye to beef. The compact, well rounded, meaty and fat animals have been awarded the honors by the judges. So, too, the favor of the visiting public has fallen on the beauty of such well rounded forms. Of course breeders must take the prizes, and to do it have been forced to draw for breeding animals such as would meet this popular, though erroneous, favor. So, too, they have been led to look more after the flesh and condition of their heifers and cows than to the development and maintenance of their dairy powers. Thus the power of deep milking has been in large measure lost when it has not been bred out. A marked example of this catering to the public eye and the beef fancy of judges was noted at the New England Fair at Portland, where a herd of New Hampshire Shorthorns were conspicuously placarded as "Dairy Shorthorns." At the same time at the head of the herd stood a bull of the now famous "Cruikebank" strain of breeding. Now, every one posted in Shorthorn lore knows that this "Cruikebank" family of Shorthorns is the latest and most perfect as well as popular development of the beef making strain known in the blood—meaty, fleshy and plump as a Hereford, and as handsome as a picture. That is a fair illustration of the way the dairy value has been bred out of our formerly milking Shorthorns. Though this breed is wanted largely for their dairy powers, of course that typical beef bull carried off the honors. A case in point was seen at our late State Fair when the prizes were laid on the fat and flesh, rather than on the merit of what the animals are valuable to their owners for. The expert awarding the prizes remarked as he hung the ribbon on a young cow, that "the other cow would have been entitled to it if she had been as fat."

We wish some of our State breeders had the faith and the courage to draw together a herd of this class of dairy stock, and illustrate their good work. They are needed in large numbers, needed for their dairy work and needed to cross with our Hereford blood.

BABCOCK AND CHURN.

No Conflict Between Them.

Since the invention of the Babcock test, the owners of Holstein cattle, and some of the owners of other breeds, have persistently and vehemently advocated the substitution of the Babcock for the churn, in all butter tests for cows. *Hoards' Dairyman*, and some other papers, have supported this contention with more or less consistency and zeal. When conferences were being held for making the rules that should govern in the Columbian dairy tests, the point most hotly contested was whether the Babcock or the churn should govern. Jersey breeders almost unanimously stood by the churn, and after thorough discussion the churn was adopted as the standard. The authorities then and there recognized and endorsed the truth, for which *The Jersey Bulletin* had so long contended, that there was right fully no conflict between the functions of the Babcock and the churn.

The function of the Babcock, and its sole function, is to ascertain how much fat is contained in any given sample of milk, while the sole function of the churn was to collect that fat into butter. These functions are broadly distinct, and the experience of the Columbian tests, and of all subsequent experience, has but confirmed and strengthened the wisdom of the decision which required each to be used in its proper and legitimate field. By this decision it was required that a Babcock test of the milk of each cow, and of the mixed milk of each contending herd, should be made daily, and that a Babcock test of the skim milk and the buttermilk should also be made daily. These Babcock analyses were made as checks upon the churn, to ascertain how the churn was doing its work; but the churn governed. The awards were made not upon the fat of the Babcock analyses, but upon the actual butter turned out by the churn. The basis of decision in all the awards was the "net profit" yielded, not by the Babcock, but by the churn. By the Babcock there never was, nor never will be any "net profit" made, or any other profit, for that matter. The profits all come by and through the churn.

Those Columbian tests established beyond all questioning or doubt, the incomparable superiority of the Babcock over all other methods of milk analysis for practical use in the dairy. But the Babcock machine, in establishing its own claim to trustworthiness, confirmed and endorsed the accuracy, efficiency and honesty of the churn. The Columbian tests developed not the slightest antagonism or conflict between the Babcock and the churn, but did develop and demonstrate, beyond the reach of reasonable doubt, that they are natural allies, each with its own field of operation, its own function, its peculiar work; that the Babcock cannot be substituted for the churn any more than the churn can be substituted for the Babcock machine.

How any one of intelligence, familiar

with these tests, can honestly advocate the substitution of the Babcock for the churn in a butter test, is entirely beyond our comprehension. We can very easily understand why *Hoards' Dairyman* and other papers, run in the interest of the butter factories, should object to the use of the churn. It is so much easier for the factoryman to cheat the patron with the Babcock than with the churn if he so desire. But no such dishonest motive controls the individuals who are honestly seeking to test the butter capacity of their cows.

Their opposition to the churn rests on mistaken notions, first as to the fallibility of the churn; second, as to the infallibility of the Babcock. Handled with the same degree of integrity and skill, the Babcock and the churn will do their work equally well. Neither is infallible, neither is automatic; neither are they antagonistic. Rightly used, they serve as mutual aids and mutual checks. The Babcock enables us to ascertain if milk has been thoroughly creamed and if the cream has been thoroughly churned. On the other hand, the churn tells us if the Babcock has been run accurately and honestly. The sources of honest error with the churn are but two: In creaming and in churning. The sources of honest error in the Babcock are at least half a dozen, viz.: In sampling, strength of acid, in bottles, in pipettes, in temperature and in reading.—*Jersey Bulletin*.

TO YOUNG BUTTER MAKERS.

BY H. B. GURLEY.

Young man, do you wish to become a master in your business? If the stuff is in you, you can do it, but you have got to try for it. Read the following. Mr. Gurley is one of the most noted dairymen in the State of Illinois, beginning in a small way, with a small herd of cows, and studying as he worked, increasing his business the while, until he has become a recognized authority in the land, instructor in one of the leading dairy schools, and author of a recent work on butter making and creamery management. His advice will do you good:

I would say to young butter makers: Be honest in all your business with your patrons.

Try to impress them with the fact that your interests are mutual. I am supposing that you are of that kind yourself. If you are not, I think it best that you quit the business as soon as possible. You cannot succeed without the support of your patrons. They can get along without you, though they cannot afford to get along without a well managed dairy. In fact, you should reject all milk that is not in good condition, as your reputation as a butter maker is at stake. This you cannot afford to lose, neither can your patrons afford to have you lose it, as it is money in their pockets as well as yours.

A pleasant good morning to every patron at the weigh can costs you but a minute and appears as that was liable, and know it to be in condition to make the next day's run. I have had men in my employ who would never repair a belt until it parted, and then do it in a hurry, with the patron waiting, and press, brothers and sisters of a closer tie, and from whom some of us have been separated for, these many years, not in a building like this, but in paradise, a mansion in a house not made with hands, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Do not lose your temper with a patron. You cannot afford to. It weakens you in his estimation, and it is a great deal to lose. When a patron is doing wrong, talk to him privately and quietly, and you will seldom have trouble. Do not consider a day's work done until you have inspected all making and packing, and that was liable, and know it to be in condition to make the next day's run. I have had men in my employ who would never repair a belt until it parted, and then do it in a hurry, with the patron waiting, and press, brothers and sisters of a closer tie, and from whom some of us have been separated for, these many years, not in a building like this, but in paradise, a mansion in a house not made with hands, whose Builder and Maker is God.

On the other hand, I have had men in my employ who always inspected all making and packing, and that was liable, and know it to be in condition to make the next day's run. I have had men in my employ who would never repair a belt until it parted, and then do it in a hurry, with the patron waiting, and press, brothers and sisters of a closer tie, and from whom some of us have been separated for, these many years, not in a building like this, but in paradise, a mansion in a house not made with hands, whose Builder and Maker is God.

AN AROOSTOOK ORCHARDIST.

Mr. J. W. Dudley, Member of the Board of Agriculture from Aroostook county, will accompany the Secretary on his institute trip through Washington county, beginning at Danforth, Tuesday, Nov. 19th, and speak upon the subject of "Orcharding." He is an expert in the business, and also a grower of plums, having a plum orchard of nearly one thousand trees. Mr. Dudley is the originator of the "Dudley's Winter," or "North Star" apple, which is proving of so much value for Northern Maine, as well as several other varieties. He will also speak upon "Crop Growing."

B. WALKER MCKEN, Sec'y.

GRAIN DRY OR WET?

Editor *Maine Farmer*: In your opinion, is it better to feed grain dry, or wet with warm water? Which will give the best results? Yours respectfully, JAMES L. CHASE.

the agent secured a sample of his butter-milk, and the Babcock found 8% of fat in it. There were thousands of creamerymen and butter makers doing that grade of work at that time, but there are comparatively few at present. I sometimes think the butter makers in the older dairy sections need to be warned that they must be on their guard, or some of the newer sections will be neck and neck with them before they are aware of it. We are living in a progressive age. We must be constantly on the advance. It will not answer to retreat, and we cannot stand still.—*Chicago Produce*.

AN ADMIRABLE ESSAY.

By Mrs. A. C. Goodwin, lecturer of Victor Grange, Fairfield, delivered at the anniversary exercises reported in our last issue.

Oh these family reunions! and what is this but a gathering of brothers and sisters with one common Parent, God our Father. A membership in this family is indeed to be desired. These hand shakings, these cordial greetings, the thoughts which are presented to us by those whose minds are in advance of our own, stimulate us to higher and nobler endeavors. It brings the farmers and their families together, thus making the farmer a better citizen and more of a social man.

The farmer's life is generally one of confinement to his premises. We are too much inclined to live within ourselves. What we need is something to draw us out. The Grange does this. The Grange succeeds because its purposes are high, and its work beneficent. Whoever would be furnished unto every good must set his standard high. Intelligence and social culture increase capacity for enjoyment and aid in giving enjoyment to others. We should enjoy life while living it; neglected opportunities never return. A happy home is not necessarily a costly one. Its adornments may be simple, its furnishings plain, but whatever the surroundings best of all is a strong bond of affection, intense loving spirit that leads every member of the family to minister to the comfort and happiness of every other member.

The Grange is an extensive organization and is composed of men and women, who study to know how to apply their knowledge to the best advantage on the farm and in the household. Its principles and actions are permanent, being founded upon nature and enlightened judgment, so that it is not only how to produce in abundance, but to market it as well.

The Grange has come near home. It has left all out of doors and entered into the house. It has incited a new era as relative to a better understanding between men and women, for where there used to be the vaguest idea in relation to each other's part of the work, there is now a more general understanding of the care and anxiety or pleasure that each encounters in their routine from year to year. And so it is that more is being accomplished on the farm and in the home than ever before. The order of Patrons has come to be a necessity to the farmers of Maine. The fraternal spirit fostered by coming together in the fellowship of patrons is profitable in many ways. It is a source of interest, change of thought, and other means of diversion, all tend to rest the body, tone up the system, and refresh the countenance leading to health, contentment and happiness.

In this one respect the Grange has done more to relieve farm life of dullness and loneliness, and to banish isolation, than all other influences combined. Through this channel of intercourse the farmers widely separated by location are made near neighbors, and are afforded the benefits of each other's society, where they can become acquainted and learn each other's worth as friends.

Brothers and sisters of a great fraternity, according to the nature of things we all may never meet again on any occasion here below. May we live that life, so that when we are called to lay down our implements on earth, we may be permitted to enjoy a far grander reunion than this, meet the host of the redeemed, numberless as the sands of the seashore, with the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters of a closer tie, and from whom some of us have been separated for, these many years, not in a building like this, but in paradise, a mansion in a house not made with hands, whose Builder and Maker is God.

STATE GRANGE FINANCE.

J. M. Jackson, Lewiston, and Z. A. Gilbert, North Greene, auditing committee of the State Grange, met Secretary F. A. Allen and Treasurer M. B. Hunt at Auburn, on Monday last, for the purpose of examining the books and auditing the accounts of these officers for the past year. The books of the Secretary show that he has received during the year ending Sept. 30, 1895, in fees and dues, the sum of \$3,523.89; for Grange supplies sold, \$114.43; for sixth degree fees, \$74; total receipts for the year, \$3,712.24. There remains in the treasury something over \$2,500. There has been a large increase of membership during the year. Past State Master Hunt went directly from Auburn to Worcester, to attend the annual meeting of the National Grange, of which he is one of the officers. The annual meeting of the Maine State Grange is to be held in Bangor, opening the third Wednesday in December.

UP TO STANDARD.

A Canadian baker bought his butter in pounds rolls from a farmer. Noticing that these rolls looked rather small, he weighed them and found they were all under a pound in weight. So he had the farmer into court. "These butter rolls," said the judge to

the farmer, "certainly weigh less than a pound. Have you any scales?" "I have," answered the farmer. "And have you weights?" "No, no weights." "Then how can you weigh your butter rolls?" "That's very simple," said the farmer, "while I've been selling the baker butter, I've been buying pound loaves of bread from him, and I used them for weights on my scales."

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

At a real agricultural fair there is much to be seen, much to be learned, and a real good, pleasant time to be had. Farmers can both see and hear much that is, to them, intensely interesting and instructive; and they can profitably, very profitably, go into camp with neighbors and friends on or near the fair grounds, and remain three or four days. If the fair be properly managed and policed they will not be molested in any manner, while they can enjoy a regular little jollification picnic among themselves, and with friends and relatives from distant points whom they do not have the pleasure of meeting very often. Such an occasion is an ideal one for the farmer and his family, one to be looked forward to with delight, and to be remembered ever after with genuine pleasure.

But if the fair be managed by horse racers, and racing and gambling are the chief attractions, with snide sideshows, wheels of fortune and other swindling devices to rob the young and gullible, how different. The farmer is excited by the loud-mouthed gamblers and lured into betting on the horses, and, of course, loses his money; then he wishes he had never heard of the fair. His children squander every penny they have on the devices promising great things for a little, and a spirit of gambling is incited in their susceptible minds which will require years of watchful care to eradicate.

I advise every farmer to stay away from such sinks of iniquity. Shun them as you would a pestilence! There are places to go for an outing that are clean and pleasant, and the expense is no greater than at many of the so-called fairs. Seek them out and go. Spend a week in the nearest great city some time during the winter, and you will consider it a week well spent.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

A CHANGE OF CROPS.

In the twelfth annual report of the Massachusetts Experiment station is discussed the use of forage crops in improving the productivity of farm lands, the cost of the decline of crops and some of the means of arresting this decline. In alluding to the value of change of crops, the report says:

"In one instance it was noticed that a piece of old, worn-out grass land, after being turned under and properly prepared, as far as the mechanical condition of the soil was concerned, produced, without any previous application of manure, an exceptionally large crop of horse beans and lupine—two reputed fodder crops."

"The past season lands which for years had been used for the production of English hay and corn were used for the cultivation of southern cow-peas, serradella and a mixed crop of oats and vetch, to serve as green fodder for milk cows."

"The field engaged for the production of these crops was not manured, because it was to be prepared for a special field experiment during the present season. An area of this land, which under favorable circumstances would not produce more than six tons of green grass at the time of blooming, yielded nine to ten tons of green vetch and oats, ten tons of green southern cow-pea and from twelve to thirteen tons of green serradella."

"The results obtained during past years tend to confirm the opinion held by successful agriculturists, that dry grass lands which are in an exceptional degree inclined to a spontaneous overgrowing by an inferior class of fodder plants and weeds, if at all fit for a more thorough system of cultivation ought to be plowed and planted."

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Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE BORDEAUX ON POTATOES.

BY JOEL RICHARDSON.

Mr. Editor: I told you I would report to you my trial of Bordeaux mixture for potato blight. Had a field of eight acres. Prepared the mixture as follows: Filled a forty-five gallon cask half full of water. Put five pounds of copper sulphate in a bag and hung it in the water over night. Skated four pounds of lime, added water until it was about as thick as cream. Hung a bag in the cask, turned in the lime, then turned in water, squeezing the bag occasionally to get the lime through, filling the cask. This was thoroughly stirred. The bag should be as thick as you can get the lime through, for if it is not well strained it will clog the pump and nozzle. Used a knapsack sprayer, Bordeaux nozzle. Sprayed ten rows then skipped ten rows, so on over the whole field. Commenced the eleventh day of July.

It being haying time, only worked a part of each day. Was several days going over the field. About fifteen days later went over it again in the same manner. The potatoes were Burbank's and Monroe's, late growers. Were planted the last of May. The unpruned ones commenced to rust about the tenth of August. The sprayed ones remained mostly green until into September. Were dug the last of Sept. and first of Oct. Took sections in three different parts of the field and measured. One section's spraying gave a gain of 15%; One, 35%; one, 50%; average gain, 33%; giving me a gain of about two hundred bushels on the four acres, sprayed. It cost about sixteen dollars for the labor and material. I presume that it could be done cheaper and easier with a force pump and cask hauled by a horse. But it would take three men to do it, and I do not like to drive a team through a field after the tops nearly cover the ground. Forty-five gallons went over an acre. I added one-half pound of Paris green to forty-five gallons of the mixture and made the cleanest job with the beetles I ever did. The lime prevents the green from setting to the bottom.

STICKS.

P. S. I raised 300 bushels of oats by weight on six measured acres, being an average of 60 bushels per acre.

For the Maine Farmer.

THAT PEST.

Mr. Editor: Your letter, and a package containing the worm found by Mrs. Andrews of your city, which was eating holes in a shawl and carpet, are at hand. The specimen was badly shriveled, but appeared to be the larva of the Tapestry Moth, known as *Tinea tapetella*, L. The larva of this species has the habit, mentioned by Mrs. Andrews, of making channels in carpets and woolen fabrics in which it burrows. We have found this species about Orono sparingly. It is not nearly so plentiful as the species known as *Tinea pellionella*, L., that makes little woolen cases out of the fragments of the carpet it infests, in which it lives. Nor so abundant as the Carpet Moth, *Tinea biellialis*, L., that spins cocoons under the infested carpet. The term Carpet Moth, or Clothes Moth, is applied to the above mentioned species indiscriminately. They all belong to the *Tineidae*, a group of small moths known as *Microlepidoptera*, which do great damage to fruit and farm crops, as well as household goods. The species found by Mrs. Andrews is rare, especially North, and need not give much anxiety. If Mrs. Andrews finds any more we would like to have them alive, so we can rear the moth and make the identification certain. The remedies suggested in Expt. Station Report, 1894, for the Buffalo Carpet Beetle, would be applicable to this species. Yours truly,

F. L. HARVEY,

Entomologist for the Expt. Station.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

—Three hundred and eighty-five bushels of corn from three acres is a good yield. That is what the Stoddards raised this year on their farm near Low's Bridge, in Guilford. They planted four acres, and fed the crop on one acre to their cows, the other three acres giving the above yield of as handsome corn as one often sees.

—Mrs. Frank Hart of Willimantic milled, from the 20th of September to the 20th of October, 120 lbs. of butter, from three cows and one 2-year-old heifer, and one of the cows comes in milk the first of December. The cows fed on grass.

—The Turner Center Creamery Association has bought the apparatus and cream routes of the Farmington Creamery. The cream will be brought to the Auburn factory of the association. The routes extend as far north as Strong, passing through some of the best farms in the State.

—Quite a number of Blaine young men are taking up farms in Westfield, an adjoining town. The soil is very fine, and heavy, hard wood growth. This land is being rapidly taken up, and a few years will show fine farms where now is a dense forest. The tract was surveyed and lotted out in 50-acre lots, and roads located over it about a year ago. It is only a few miles from Blaine, and probably a better location can be found in the county for purposes of limited means to secure land and make homes for themselves.

Choice Miscellany.

THE DOLL THAT GREW.

Two children sat in a window low,
Where graceful vines were loved to creep.
A cradle swinging, now fast and slow,
Rocking a doll to sleep.

His chubby face, and his ringlets brown,
Her laughing eyes, and her dimples fair.
A sunbeam, just in the time, looked down,
Gilding her yellow hair.

"I said, 'Good-by, happy ones, good-by!
I'll come back, little girl and boy.
Your laugh will fade to a common sigh,
Mocking this childish joy.'"

Their eyes looked grave for a moment's thought,
But could not take in the meaning cold.
She shook her head, till his brown crown caught
Showers of curling gold.

"When you come back, we will be so tall,"
He said, "and proud." "Yes, my," said she,
"The doll will grow, and the cradle—all,
Lovely as they can be."

And far away in the world of life,
In dreams and fancies, that picture fair—
The girl's sweet faith and the boy's glad pride—
Followed her everywhere.

Ah, could it stay, could it always be!
But each joy falls with a broken wing.
Then night comes on, and it cannot see,
Moaning, it cannot sing.

With years of winter upon my head,
With years of summer upon my face,
I came, by laughing and by weeping led,
Back to the self-same place.

The same sun struggled and wandered through
And glistened ringlets of brown and gold;
The doll had grown, and the cradle, too,
Lovelier than of old.

The two sat still in the window low,
Their hearts so full of a love so deep—
A cradle swinging, so soft and slow,
Rocking their child to sleep.

—Edward B. Odham.

MOONLIGHT.

Over umbrageous fields and hills,
Where birds were joyous throughout the day,
And warbled their melodious trills
In their own sweet, wooded way.

The moon, the golden summer moon,
Turns darkness to an argent noon.

A ghostly silence fills the earth,
A hush of golden strain and song:
There is no single sound of mirth,
Through all the tender night long.

And soft winds quiver through the trees,
Sift with the odors of the sea.

II.—CITY.

Down shrouded lines of populous streets
And bustling gas-lit avenues,
Where all life's bitters and its sweets,
Where all life's desires and fears,
All that love holds and all it wars,
Wakens or slumbers beneath the stars—

The moon shines down like some far ghost,
Pitiful in its tender mien,
Pitiful to the weary host,
That slumber slowly unseen,
A host of eager souls that bear
Glad hope and tenuous despair.

—George Edgar Montgomery, in Harper's Weekly.

PACK HORSES OF JAPAN.

It is pretty well known by this time that the cavalry of the Japanese army is by far its weakest division. This, of course, is not uncommon, in the armies of many countries, simply for the reason that economists cut off the horses in time of peace, and trust to Providence and subsidized carters to make up the deficiency in time of war.

The problem is not quite the same in Japan. Comparatively, if not absolutely, there are no horses in Japan, just as there are no sheep. In the north one comes across a few biting, bucking quadrupeds that are as much like sheep as horses; but, taking the country as a whole, there are scarcely a dozen animals that will take a saddle.

What horses, or rather ponies, are to be found come from China, which produce a very good breed of freight carriers though they have much to be desired in point of speed. Horse racing exists in Japan—Yokohama and Tokio have their courses—as it does everywhere two or three Englishmen are gathered together, but it is a species of racing quite unlike anything to be found elsewhere.

The ponies are imported from Hong Kong or Shanghai by a syndicate, lots are drawn and after a certain interval for training, the ponies are placed on the market. To return to the army. One can conceive a campaign, and especially such a one as the Japanese have been doing, being carried on from first to last without cavalry at all, or at any rate, with the merest skeleton of a mounted force. This, of course, as far as fighting and scouting goes, remains the all-important question of artillery and transport.

In neither of these departments are horses absolutely necessary, provided you have an adequate supply of human labor, and it is just here that Japan scores.

Very little has been published with regard to the transport arrangements of the force that marched so steadily through Korea to the gates of China, but it is not difficult to guess what they are. Four years ago there were thirty-three thousand jinrikishaw coolies in Tokyo in different forms of the moderate estimate that there are quite eighty thousand now, for the kurumaya class (jinrikishaw) is a rapidly increasing one, owing to the simple fact that the kurumaya class is able to earn three times as much as he could at any other manual labor. In fact, the kurumaya question is rapidly becoming a very vital one in the Japanese industrial problem, but the trade is so overvalued that the problem will not solve itself according to the inexorable laws of supply and demand. The existence of such a class—and it is quite a recent origin for the kurumaya was only invented a quarter of a century ago—was a godsend to Japan in her late struggle.

To judge from what one hears here prior to the Japanese war, the kurumaya are now at a premium in the capital, and Osaka and Kyoto tell me the same tale. The kurumaya have been "unsexed" by the imperial government much in the same way as the entire fleet of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha has been acquired for transport purposes.

As having no horses, or at any rate, insufficient horses, the empire has alien back upon the abundant supply of human horses which has grown up of recent years. And for all purposes—except as cavalry mounts—they are certainly superior to the four-footed variety. Where would you find horses to do this? Or forty miles a day, and (after day, with a load of two or three hundred pounds? Yet that is a feat which Japanese kurumaya think little of. The power of endurance of these men—one likes to think of them as men and not merely animals—are marvelous. The present writer has been drawn thirty-five miles in less than seven hours over a bad road and remembers the holiday spent in which a couple of Osaka coolies contracted to draw

END OF A GIGANTIC SURVEY.

Twenty-Two Years Required to Measure the United States.

The scientific measurement by the United States coast and geodetic survey of the distance from the Golden Gate at San Francisco, Cal., to the mouth of the Chesapeake along the thirty-ninth parallel, has just been completed under the direction of William Elmeck, who has been in charge of the work since its inception in 1873. Every scientist in the world has been waiting anxiously for the completion of this survey, as upon it depends the determination of the precise shape of the earth and the accurate laying of lines of longitude, instead of the approximate ones that are now in use. This line will be the basis of the revision of all astronomical work in which accuracy is desired. It will take a year to make the computation from the survey and such verifications as may be necessary.

The work has cost something over \$150,000. The chief object of the survey is to determine the precise figure of the earth. It has already been determined by north and south lines, but this is the only one of an extent running east and west. There are two or three of the north and south lines. Russia has the longest meridian line ever run, going from the Black sea up to the northern limits of her territory. There is one in India, run by the British government, that is the second in length, while the third was run by England and France from the most northern point of Scotland down to the Balaich Islands. From these lands the shape of the earth has been determined north and south, while it has been necessary, in order to ascertain the exact shape, to run a similar line east and west.

The United States is the only country that has enough territory to accomplish this, which is the greatest geodetic line ever measured in the world.

BAD START.

In a Marriage That the Squire Thought

Henry De Mott and Miss Mary Bedell, who were married by Justice of the Peace John White, in Hoboken the other night, will never forget the ceremony.

"Do you take," the justice was about to remark, when, with a crash, a large brass lamp fell from the ceiling and

the bride screamed, "Oh, Henry," and clutched her soon-to-be husband by the arm. Henry swore and the justice shouted:

"Be calm, my children. I will soon have a light."

The light was secured, the big lamp refilled with oil, hung upon its hook, and the ceremony went on. Just as the justice was about to pronounce the couple man and wife, the oil lamp fell again, besprinkling the clothing of the couple with oil. Finally matters were fixed up and the couple pronounced man and wife.

"Some one must have hoodooed that marriage," remarked the justice, as the couple left the office.

How Dead Snakes "Come to Life."

In nearly every country in the world there is a superstition to the effect that a serpent's head must be mashed to a pulp or else its companion will seek out its dead comrade and restore it to life by means of certain grasses, leaves or herbs. This fancy appears to come from the remote antiquity. In the mythological story of Polydore we find it related in a curious form. Glaucus, the son of Minos, the Cretan king, was smothered in a cask of honey. With the help of Apollo, Polydore found the body (the whereabouts of which was previously unknown), and the stern old king shut him up with the corpse, telling him that if he could discover that which was hidden he was soothsayer enough to bring his son to life. While in the dungeon with the corpse a dragon approached the body. Polydore killed the reptile, but within the hour was surprised to find a second dragon creep forward and place a blade from a certain species of grass on the back of its dead companion. Polydore took a hint from the wise serpent, and with the same blade of grass resuscitated the honey-smothered youth. The same story appears in different forms in the folklore of all nations. You can find it in "The Three Snake Leaves" in Grimm's "Tales"; in the Breton legend of "Sir Eliod"; in the Hindoo story of "Panc Paramee"; and also in the Chinese and Japanese fairy stories.—St. Louis Republic.

Very Much of a Patriot.

In Spain exemption from military service may be obtained by the payment of fifteen hundred pesetas. The other day a worthy man presented a petition to the queen regent stating that he had already paid fifteen thousand pesetas for the son of his son, as requested by the king, might be exempted from the other fourteen, as he had no money left. His request was granted.—La Monarchia.

An Appetizing Condition.

"Did you read about Mexico celebrating her independence day just recently?" said Mr. Dolan.

"Oh, did," replied Mrs. Dolan.

"Phwat av it?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Only O'm glad O'd live there. Think av a country so much behind hand in the month av July comes in September?"

Washington Star.

Long-lasting

and good-looking leather comes of using Vacuum Leather Oil. Get can at a harness or shoe-store, 25c a half-pint; at \$1.25 a gallon; book "How to Take Care of Leather," and swob, both free; use enough to find out; if you don't like it, take the can back and get the whole of your money.

Sold only in cans, to make sure of fair dealing everywhere—handy cans. Best oil for farm machinery also. If you can't find it, write to VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Behold the felicitous father.
His daughter's wedding when at
Supporting the bride at the altar,
And the bride and the groom after that.
You Can Believe

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or deficient blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act promptly, easily and effectively.

Frank comes into the house in a sorry plight.

"Mercy on us!" exclaims his father, "How you look! You are soaked."

"Please, papa, I fell into the canal."

"What! with your new trousers on?"

"Yes, papa, I didn't have time to take them off."

"Prepare for the worst, but hope for the best," says the old proverb. Hope for health, but be prepared for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, or any other throat or lung difficulty by having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand. It is prompt to act, sure to cure.

"You are charged here," said the judge, "with voting twice this morning."

"I know it, Your Honor; but it was the best I could do. I got the pneumonia, and I can't vote more than twice to save my life!"

From Lieut. John Osborn of the firm of Evans, Webster & Co., Boston.

"Two bottles of Adamson's Botanic Balm effected a cure in my family that four skilled physicians failed to do."

Sold by druggists and dealers at 35 cents.

Maud—"That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him."

Marie—"Perhaps he did."

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers can be applied when at home, and is uniformly successful in coloring a brown or black. Hence its great popularity.

It was a rather irrelevant fellow who called a traveling evangelist an itinerant fire-eater.

If the baby is cutting teeth, be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Infants, which will soothe the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"What do you think of these eggs?" whispered the lean boarder.

"These eggs," responded the fat boarder, whose occupation was that of advertising clerk in a newspaper office, "are too late to classify."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

You never feel like laughing when your funny bone makes a hit.

What A Word Will Do.

Byron reminds us that a word is enough to rouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word.

"Marathon, for instance," Waterloo, Gettysburg, Appomattox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick and suffering body. In your perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Piercing" Sores or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly healed under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other skin diseases. Scrofulous sores and swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Enlarged Glands.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion.

ALMOST LOST HIS MILLIONS.

Got Back His Fortress Just Before the Secret Holder Died.

When up-country last year I heard that Chowringhee Lall, manager to Lalla Muttra Pershad, was in Gwalior on some temporary business, and I called on him, as an old friend, at a place in the Lushkar where he was residing.

We discussed the action of government in closing the mints, and I asked his opinion about the possibility of a gold standard for India, and mentioned the fact that certain members of the Currency association considered the fifty million pounds of gold would be sufficient to provide India with a gold currency.

The Lalla laughed the idea to scorn, and assured me that fifty million pounds would not suffice to replace the silver hoards of even one state.

"You know," he said, "how anxious the late Maharajah Scindia was to get back the fortress of his feet, and how very few knew the real cause prompting him. That was a concealed hoard of sixty crores (sixty million pounds) of rupees in certain vaults within the fortress, over which British sentinels had been walking for about thirty years, never suspecting the wealth concealed beneath their feet."

"Long before the British government gave back the fortress, every one who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead, except one man who was extremely old, and although in good health he might have died any day."

"If that had happened, the treasure might have been lost to the owner forever and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance to the hoard, which was most cunningly concealed, and, except that entrance, every other part was surrounded by solid rock."

"So the maharajah was in such a fix that he must either get back his fortress or divulge the secret to the government and run the risk of losing the treasure forever."

"When the fortress was given back to the maharajah, he sent the British troops had left Gwalior territory, masons were brought from Benares sworn to secrecy in the temple of the Holy Cow before leaving; and when they reached the Gwalior railway station they were put into carriages, blindfolded, and driven to the place where they had to work."

"There they were kept till they had opened out the entrance into the secret vault; and when the concealed hoard had been verified, and the hole built up again, they were once more blindfolded, put into carriages, and taken back to the railway station, and the month of July comes in September?"

—Chambers' Journal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Abram S. Hewitt, the well-known New York reformer, was professor of mathematics at Columbia college fifty years ago.

—The death is announced in his eighty-sixth year of the zoologist Sven Ludwig Loven, professor at the University of Stockholm. He was born in 1809, and conducted the first scientific expedition to Spitzbergen in 1837.

—The duke of Sutherland's two sons, the marquis of Stafford, who is seven, and Lord Alister Gower, who is five, attend the village public school at Golspie with the children of his tenants and workmen.

Bristol, which has been united with Gloucester since 1836, is to become a separate bishopric again soon, as the money needed to re-establish the see has been all subscribed. The see was one of six established by Henry VIII. in 1542 out of the property of the dissolved monasteries.

—Free smokers are the inducements extended to attract big congregations to one of the churches in the White-chapel district, London. Here is the advertisement: "If you want a smoke free, come next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock to Christ Church Hall. A cup of tea if you like. Tobacco gratis."

—The first free school in the United States was among the Puritans and the Pilgrims, among the Dutch in New Amsterdam and the English in Virginia. There is a school in New York city now that was founded in 1633 by Adam Roelantsen. It is the oldest school in this country, and was free when it was founded.

—The Free Church of Scotland at its last assembly resolved to grant ordination in certain circumstances to non-episcopal ministers, and in places where their settlement was not necessary to be permanent. The action was earnestly opposed as un-Presbyterian, but was finally adopted, and it is soon to be carried into effect in the highlands.

—Rev. H. W. Brown, of Chicago, is conducting religious services among the Irish in the Chicago drainage canal. Thousands of tracts and testaments have been distributed by Mr. Brown's assistants, and many conversions are reported. With the exception of work done by Mr. Brown, the men are without religious instruction, and crime is very prevalent.

—The "Evangelical Mission church" in Belgium, in the beginning of 1893, had a deficit of 27,000 francs, which in April, 1894, had grown to 55,000 francs. Suddenly, in June, this year, it was announced the deficit had been reduced to 9,833 francs. Friends abroad had in the last half year sent the sum of 7,000 francs was secured. The church now numbers 8,552 members.

—Wellesley college's new dean is Prof. Margaret E. Stratton, who previously held the position of head of the department of English language and rhetoric. Other new instructors are Miss Sarah M. Hardy, Ph. D., Chicago university; Miss Mary E. Woolley, M. A., who will teach Hebrew and old testament history; Misses Eleanor B. Eaton, Eleanor Tebbets, Helene Schaeys, Helene J. Roth and Emma H. Parker.

—The new freshman numbers are considerably over two hundred students. A new scholarship, the Ada L. Howard, is announced, which is named in honor of Wellesley's first president, who is to have the privilege, during her lifetime, of naming the beneficiary.

DON'T RUN AFTER IT.

When Your Hat Blows Off Some Other Fellow Will Run It Down.

The man who is up-to-date knows full well what to do when a sudden gust of wind blows his straw hat from his head and takes it on a mad career.

He does not run after it, creating an amusement by his sudden dashes through the crowd or among the vehicles in the streets, or to corral the hat in a mud puddle or some other place just as bad. He has a better trick.

He simply stands still and in a moment a hundred of a hundred some other person who has witnessed the incident will do the chasing and will return the hat to its owner, who, calm and untroubled, will graciously thank him and walk triumphantly away without having turned a hair.

A striking example of a hundred of a hundred of a hundred some other person who has witnessed the incident will do the chasing and will return the hat to its owner, who, calm and untroubled, will graciously thank him and walk triumphantly away without having turned a hair.

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IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 PURE

Reject any soap or washing compound that will cleanse without an expenditure of time and labor. "What is well done is done soon enough," and Ivory Soap will do the work as quickly as it can be done with safety.

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin.

Woman's Department.

CATCHING SUNSHINE.

Through the swaying, bending branches of the old elm tree, shining fall the summer sunbeams Over head and me.

As they linger, lightly glancing, Dangling here and there, Baby notes their fleeting brightness, Needs must have a share.

Little hands, at once outstretching, She has caught them fast; Ah! my own, my "baby bunting," That such joys could last.

See her now, in gleeful triumph Fly to mother's knee, What has got in little fingers, Baby dear, for me?

Little hands are held before me, Clashed with childish might, When they are abruptly opened, Not a beam in sight.

Ah! my little laughing maiden, Sunbeams are not caught, Never by little hands so impudently, Neither bribed or bought.

If the pride, the wealth of nations Could but keep for hours of sadness Gleams from golden days,

Treasure houses, aye, great strongholds, Built for this alone, Would adorn the world's high places, Circum every zone.

But the beams cannot be garnered, And so learn from this, That no after years can bring us Sunshine that we miss.

And I clasp my darling closer, Wiser, though not wise, Knowing if there be one stronghold, 'Tis in baby's eyes.

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, God! how beautiful is earth, In sunbeam or in shade; Her forests with their waving arch, Her flowers that gem the glade;

Her hillocks white with daisy floes; Her fields with grain that glow; Her sparkling streamlets, deep and broad, That through the valleys flow.

Her crested waves that clasp the shore, And lift their antlers loud; Her mountains, with their solemn brows, That wave the yielding cloud.

Oh, God! how beautiful is life! That Thou dost lend us here; So cheered with hopes that line the cloud, And from whom all good proceeds.

With cradle hymns of mothers young, And tread of youthful feet, That scarce in their elastic bound Bow down the grass flowers sweet.

With brightness round the pilgrim's staff Who at the setting sun, Beholds the golden gate thrown wide, And all his work well done.

But if this earth, which changes mar, This life, to die that leads, Are made so beautiful by Him, From whom all good proceeds.

How glorious must that region be, Where all the pure and best, From every fear and sorrow free, Attain unbroken rest.

—Mrs. L. B. Seymour, in N. Y. Ledger.

CHAT ON HOME DUTIES.

Now I am ensconced all so snug and cozy, hardly dare open up the subject, that strive as I may, I cannot put out of my mind. I know it will cause a small whirlwind in the active minds of many.

But coming from the midst of what my pen shall treat upon, to-day, I feel that it is a duty for me to give a sound talking to, to young housekeepers.

There are young housekeepers who keep every detail of work in apple pie order, while others whose health is better than her more tidy sister, have everything hanging at loose ends.

Both are married young; one has a systematic plan of arranging and doing her work, while the other doesn't seem to care. When under the parent roof, you had no interest, only to do what mother told you to do. You say you are sick, or very well, but have no ambition, can not set yourself to work.

Trash and nonsense! You are indolent. Some of you may be sick, but not all; many I know are really sick. I am not going to lecture the truly sick, for I pity them from the bottom of my heart. I do, know what sickness is. But those indolent ones get up in the morning, trundle around in a slushy manner, get a few eatables upon the table, call Dick to breakfast; then when seated, up the water for dish-washing was not put on the dishes have to stand. You sit down, pick up some reading matter, everything divides to nothingness, as it is in a neighbor's house near mine.

She is called a Christian, but the bible says that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and I think they are near relatives.

No, I do not wonder that you don't feel well (neither should I), to let my dishes stand unwashed for one meal to the next near the year round. Dear friends, wash your dishes, do not let them stand to be washed being getting your next meal; it is a sin in God's sight to do so. Just as much so as any other sinful sin; deducting much from your own enjoyment as it cannot be otherwise.

You are never ready for friends or callers, never at ease if they do come. "Search this heart." You'll surely find condemnation, disgust and contempt there enough for your own special need.

And I assure you many go in to see and report what a condition Mrs. — house is always in. Many times in my life I have seen sudden sickness in the night, and not a clean dish to be found in such houses. You cannot call them homes, they are so devoid of nearly all of the happiness that goes to make a truly, true home. Such things are unavailable in many homes at times, but to let such habits of shiftlessness and sloth become every day guests is an abomination to all the teachings and precepts quoted in the bible; an abomination to us poor, sinful, human, groveling mortals. Ah! I hear your question, "No, I am not a model." But when I rise from the table I gather and wash

my dishes as soon as possible; often being obliged to rest between each duty, or piece of work done, throughout the day.

Now don't raise a great blizzard about my ears, until you get that batch of dirty dishes washed and tidied up? And, oh, I nearly forgot. That stove, if it is besmeared and dirty, would be just awful! Why, there's that child has your glass pitcher, a curling tong, and silver forks and spoons. I see now why you cannot find anything you want. But never mind, if husband's hard earned money did buy them; when they are lost or broken, he can get some more, so no matter. Do pick up those soiled clothes, put them in the wash, hang up those coats and hats.

Have a place for everything, and as far as possible have everything found there. You will have to fight old slothful nature, but you will conquer, I know.

Have you not observed how cheerful and neat Dick is in these blessed days of reformation, in his once unkempt, untidy home? How much less weary you feel than you used to in your days of sloth and carelessness. It is a pleasure to your friends to come about you, to enjoy your society as they never could before.

Now I have scolded my scold, and I pray God to use it as it seemeth best. I have only done it in friendship, so wishing you God's choice blessing, I close in love, as sister with sister. Mrs.

TRUE EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

It should be constantly borne in mind that we have a three-fold nature—the physical, mental and moral, the relations existing between them being so intimate that the good of the whole must depend on the condition of each of these natures. The mind, for example, cannot be in its normal condition unless it has a firm physical nature on which to rest as its natural basis.

A glance at the world as it now is will convince us that there is as much hard labor performed by the females—including the darker portions of the earth—as by the males; the Indian squaw, for example, being the special toiler, while some of the colored girls in our own country go on to the plantation, laboring side by side with their brothers, to obtain the means with which to educate themselves. It is evident, therefore, remembering the fact that our New England women once toiled in the hay-field—as they now do in the West—that the natural physical powers of males and females do not differ as widely as is usually supposed, though it is by no means necessary or desirable that women should toil like men, doing what seems more appropriate to men. Still, it may be true that the average New England woman has not sufficient physical development to elevate her to her normal condition, though she may have sufficient employment. There may be too much time spent in sewing and similar employments, the body being in an unnatural position, with too little exercise of our five hundred muscles; too much idleness in the kitchen; too much reading of flashy literature and other reading, with the existing condition of the physical powers, to secure sound health and the harmonious development of the whole being. It might be safe and judicious for us to imitate the ancient Greeks and Romans, at least in the matter of physical development, securing the needed foundation for our intellectual and moral labor.

It is evident that some of the time spent in mere sedentary employments might be properly given to gardening and the cultivation of flowers, in their season, while brisk walks in the colder seasons will not necessarily endanger the health. Some may remain within doors during most of the winter through fear of taking cold, yet it is true that those the most in the pure air, if actively employed, have the fewest colds, while it is not necessary for women to brave the northern blasts, or to be exposed during the more inclement parts of the winter. There is no necessity for foolhardiness in this regard, or venturing abroad without proper protection against the cold, while it is evident that the danger is in becoming enfeebled by being in very warm rooms, and contracting a cold from a cool current of air while a door is temporarily open. With proper clothing, if active, there is relatively but little danger from colds in the winter, most of our supposed colds, those in the "head," resulting from too great heat—the use of heating food, particularly that of fats and oils.

Newspapers should be saved for kitchen use, to wipe the stove, to polish the table, to wipe the flat irons, and doubled to place under a hot kettle or hot dish you wish to place on the table.

The toothsome morsel that one reserves till the last of the feast "to top off with," if not the most important part of dinner, is still very essential, and is often the part of the menu which absorbs most of our thought and attention.

When you boil beans of any sort, fresh or dried, add a good pinch of soda, and they will not only cook tender sooner, but be more wholesome. Try it also in cooking winter cabbage.

A handful of iron tacks are good to clean out bottles and fruit cans. Half fill the jars with soap suds, then add the tacks, and shake. It is safer to use them than shot, as the latter may leave a poisonous deposit.

Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to

EXTRAVAGANCE OUR DANGEROUS FAULT.

Edward W. Bok Asserts That We Have Far Passed the Bounds of Generosity.

In editorially discussing American generosity, Edward W. Bok, in November Ladies' Home Journal, declares that the American is never so ungenerous as when he is saving money, and never is he quite so much himself as when he is spending it. Hence, he has been the most unnatural mortal on earth for the past two or three years. But now, with the lifting of the gloom, and the sun of prosperity shining directly in his face, he is taking courage and heart. Once more he is going to spend. Thanks-giving means more to him this year, and thousands of thank-offerings will have a ring of earnestness in them this month that they have not for several years.

Our hearts are most thankful when our pockets are fullest and our bodies best fed and clothed. Generosity is a synonym with the word American. The American dearly loves to spend, and he is said to his credit, he spends with equal pleasure upon those he loves as upon himself, and sometimes even with more. It is the American trait not only to be generous, but to wish to see others happy amid personal happiness. The American is willing to work hard, but he must spend. All this is good; generosity broadens men, just as penuriousness contracts them. If we stopped at generosity all would be well. But Heaven knows we do not. Years ago we passed the line of generosity, and if there were another line beyond extravagance we would have passed that long since. But there is where we halt at present; at extravagance. We are known to-day as an extravagant nation, and our most dangerous weakness as a people lies in extravagance. No lesson seems severe enough for us to remember; within a year the most of us will have forgotten what we passed through in the two or three years which now lie behind us. We have rallied from the shock, and this is commendable; but to forget its lessons would be a misfortune. Let us be known as a generous people, but not as a generation of spendthrifts.

DRESSES IN 1849.

Dresses were handsome and very social, the talk delightful, but the balls were sparsely furnished with light and chairs. The illumination was of wax or star-shaped candles, which used to send down showers of spermaceti on our shoulders. Dress was very much plain.

I remember my father calling me to him one evening, as I was dressed for a ball, and saying, "Well, my daughter, you look very nice. How much have you cost me?" I said, "Five dollars." I had on a tulle dress of white, which I had made myself, and a camellia in my hair, which somebody gave me. One hundred dollars a year was considered a handsome allowance for a young girl to dress on. I am afraid I have never looked so well since; certainly my costumes have never cost so little. An old lady once showed me a brocade dress which she said she had worn since General Jackson's time.

Women did not throw away or alter dresses then as now. They bought good stuffs and wore their dresses carefully. Very pretty bright chintzes, and what we call mouseline-de-laine, were our spring outfits, and always white dresses of cambric and muslin. The jewels worn by Madame Bolisdo and Lady Lytton Bulwer were great curiosities to us simple people.—Lippincott's.

WHALES' LEAPS.

Gigantic Jumps Taken by the Monsters of the Deep.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman who had been watching some boys playing leapfrog on the sands, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, when I was little more than a lad, but I was bow oarsman on a whaleboat belonging to the ship Henry Staples. We had had luck for several weeks, when one day we sighted a large whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first. It was fairly smooth, what the sailors call a white-cap breeze, and our boats fairly flew over the water. Finally the whale rose not over one hundred yards away, heading directly for us. The harpooner stood with his iron all ready to throw, while we grasped our oars nervously, prepared to jump at the word 'stern all!'

That nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a monstrous black appeared; it seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until it distinctly saw a seventy-foot whale over twenty feet in the air hovering over us.

"The mate was the first to regain his senses, and gave the order 'stern all!' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dove into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat in the biggest leap I ever heard of."

Such gigantic leaps are rare. A similar one was recorded by Dr. Hall, who at the time was a midshipman on the ship Leander. They were lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale that suddenly appeared in the harbor and seemed very much alarmed by the shallow water, floundering about violently. The young midshipman joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared, sinking out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, around which the boat spun. Before it stopped up came the whale, having in all probability struck the bottom and went into the air like a rocket. "So complete was the enormous leap," says Dr. Hall, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads. While in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back

again in the sea like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare with astonishment, and the boldest held his breath for a time. Had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner he would have fallen plump on the boat."

Comparatively few people have seen a large whale, but we can imagine what an animal seventy feet long and weighing as many tons would be flying through the air.

Within a week of the writing of the present article I was drifting along the shores of Santa Catalina Island, California, when a sixty-foot whale almost cleared the water about a thousand yards from the boat. I was about to ask the boatman what rock it was, when the great head descended and the tall rose into the air as the monster dove.

Mr. Scorsby, the famous whaler, chronicles a number of incidents of jumping among whales, some leaving the water completely and rising twenty or more feet into the air.

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. John's river. The captain was sitting on the fore deck leaning against the pilot house, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.

In Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing eight pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They are like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and, if not the greatest jumpers, they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea.—Philadelphia Times.

THE MAYOR'S ADVICE.

Mayor Wing of Montpelier, Vt., Heartily Endorses Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Mayor Wing Used Dr. Greene's Nervura in His Family with Marked and Decided Benefit. Makes all Strong and Well.



HON. GEORGE W. WING, MAYOR OF MONTPELIER, VT.

Hon. George W. Wing, Mayor of the Capital City of Vermont, is a man of high eminence. A distinguished lawyer, he has served his State in many high offices, having been Deputy Secretary of State, occupied a position in the State Treasury, was Postmaster of Montpelier, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1882. He has served his State in many high offices, having been Deputy Secretary of State, occupied a position in the State Treasury, was Postmaster of Montpelier, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1882. He has served his State in many high offices, having been Deputy Secretary of State, occupied a position in the State Treasury, was Postmaster of Montpelier, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1882.

When such a man, occupying so high a position in a community, endorses the great curative powers and recommends the sick and suffering to use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, no one will hesitate for a moment to use this great medical discovery, this great restorer of health and strength.

Mayor Wing says: "I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in my family with marked and decided benefit. The great reputation of Dr. Greene is a guarantee that his medicine will cure, and the fact that he can be consulted by anyone, at any time, free of charge, personally or by letter, gives absolute assurance of the beneficial action of this wonderful medicine."

"Especially has it been useful in indigestion, arising from indigestion and its attendant evils. I think well of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and freely grant permission to use this letter in advertising it."

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Relative to the snake question, I have nothing to offer in the way of information; but I can tell you of the experience of my father with a ferocious blacksnake. It happened this way: One of the members of our family is very deaf and has in her possession an ear trumpet or speaking tube or something that goes by some such name, and the resemblance between this instrument and a good-sized lively black snake is wonderful. It puzzles me to know whether the man who invented this thing tried to imitate a snake or simply to invent a trumpet; anyway the imitation is worthy of a place in a museum. So, about dark one Sunday evening I took the trumpet out on the lawn and fixed it up so it looked as if it looked as if it was trying to crawl over the walk. Then I told the rest of the

family, and about ten minutes after, my sister going to the door, glanced casually out, then just happened to see the snake. "For heaven's sake, what's this on the walk?" she cried.

"What's what?" inquired the governor.

"Why, a big snake or something out here on the walk."

Governor got up, ran out, then hollered for me.

"Boo!" I yelled, "what the deuce is it?"

"Big snake!" yelled the governor.

"Come, now, where's a stick or something?"

"Take the carpet whipper," I suggested, and then we both tore for the where this infernal machine is kept. Governor wanted me to lick the snake, but I told him I was afraid; so he went at it. For about three minutes he labored that speaking trumpet, then setting some another laughter back of him, he suddenly saw through the sell, and remembering a piece of pie in the kitchen, he went to get it and forgot to come back. Five minutes later I found him sitting on a chair holding his sides and smiling; but there was some melancholy mixed with his smile when I told him solemnly that a deacon in a church who would kill snakes on Sunday ought to lose his job. He is still a deacon, but it would take a good deal of coaxing to get him to kill snakes again.—Forest and Stream.

Dear Boys and Girls: I will write for the column once more, just to please the girls. I know the girls are smart, because I have two sisters. I am not like most boys about picking up things, always putting everything in its place. I guess that White Rose guessed very near my age. I saw Miss Rose not a great while ago, if I am not mistaken in the girl. I think I saw her at Winslow, about three weeks ago. Never mind, I will excuse you, Miss Rose. I am afraid if I don't say something in favor of the girls they will lose their courage, and will not write any more. I think the girls are very fine. I don't think we boys could get along if it was not for the girls. I have to work all the week, and I don't get much time to write. I have to do my own mending, and that takes me a good deal of the time. My mother died when I was quite small. I am at work on a farm this fall. I have plowed eleven acres of land, and have got seventeen acres more to plow this fall. We have thirty head of cattle, eight horses, fourteen hogs, about eighteen hens, and for pets I have six cats. I think I shall have to close now, with lots of love to the boys and a little for the girls to keep them from crying. I will sign my name in figures—10-13-15-20-25-30-35-40-45-50-55-60-65-70-75-80-85-90-95-100-105-110-115-120-125-130-135-140-145-150-155-160-165-170-175-180-185-190-195-200-205-210-215-220-225-230-235-240-245-250-255-260-265-270-275-280-285-290-295-300-305-310-315-320-325-330-335-340-345-350-355-360-365-370-375-380-385-390-395-400-405-410-415-420-425-430-435-440-445-450-455-460-465-470-475-480-485-490-495-500-505-510-515-520-525-530-535-540-545-550-555-560-565-570-575-580-585-590-595-600-605-610-615-620-625-630-635-640-645-650-655-660-665-670-675-680-685-690-695-700-705-710-715-720-725-730-735-740-745-750-755-760-765-770-775-780-785-790-795-800-805-810-815-820-825-830-835-840-845-850-855-860-865-870-875-880-885-890-895-900-905-910-915-920-925-930-935-940-945-950-955-960-965-970-975-980-985-990-995-1000-1005-1010-1015-1020-1025-1030-1035-1040-1045-1050-1055-1060-1065-1070-1075-1080-1085-1090-1095-1100-1105-1110-1115-1120-1125-1130-1135-1140-1145-1150-1155-1160-1165-1170-1175-1180-1185-1190-1195-1200-1205-1210-1215-1220-1225-1230-1235-1240-1245-1250-1255-1260-1265-1270-1275-1280-1285-1290-1295-1300-1305-1310-1315-1320-1325-1330-1335-1340-1345-1350-1355-1360-1365-1370-1375-1380-1385-1390-1395-1400-1405-1410-1415-1420-1425-1430-1435-1440-1445-1450-1455-1460-1465-1470-1475-1480-1485-1490-1495-1500-1505-1510-1515-1520-1525-1530-1535-1540-1545-1550-1555-1560-1565-1570-1575-1580-1585-1590-1595-1600-1605-1610-1615-1620-1625-1630-1635-1640-1645-1650-1655-1660-1665-1670-1675-1680-1685-1690-1695-1700-1705-1710-1715-1720-1725-1730-1735-1740-1745-1750-1755-1760-1765-1770-1775-1780-1785-1790-1795-1800-1805-1810-1815-1820-1825-1830-1835-1840-1845-1850-1855-1860-1865-1870-1875-1880-1885-1890-1895-1900-1905-1910-1915-1920-1925-1930-1935-1940-1945-1950-1955-1960-1965-1970-1975-1980-1985-1990-1995-2000-2005-2010-2015-2020-2025-2030-2035-2040-2045-2050-2055-2060-2065-2070-2075-2080-2085-2090-2095-2100-2105-2110-2115-2120-2125-2130-2135-2140-2145-2150-2155-2160-2165-2170-2175-2180-2185-2190-2195-2200-2205-2210-2215-2220-2225-2230-2235-2240-2245-2250-2255-2260-2265-2270-2275-2280-2285-2290-2295-2300-2305-2310-2315-2320-2325-2330-2335-2340-2345-2350-2355-2360-2365-2370-2375-2380-2385-2390-2395-2400-2405-2410-2415-2420-2425-2430-2435-2440-2445-2450-2455-2460-2465-2470-2475-2480-2485-2490-2495-2500-2505-2510-2515-2520-2525-2530-2535-2540-2545-2550-2555-2560-2565-2570-2575-2580-2585-2590-2595-2600-2605-2610-2615-2620-2625-2630-2635-2640-2645-2650-2655-2660-2665-2670-2675-2680-2685-2690-2695-2700-2705-2710-2715-2720-2725-2730-2735-2740-2745-2750-2755-2760-2765-2770-2775-2780-2785-2790-2795-2800-2805-2810-2815-2820-2825-2830-2835-2840-2845-2850-2855-2860-2865-2870-2875-2880-2885-2890-2895-2900-2905-2910-2915-2920-2925-2930-2935-2940-2945-2950-2955-2960-2965-2970-2975-2980-2985-2990-2995-3000-3005-3010-3015-3020-3025-3030-3035-3040-3045-3050-3055-3060-3065-3070-3075-3080-3085-3090-3095-3100-3105-3110-3115-3120-3125-3130-3135-3140-3145-3150-3155-3160-3165-3170-3175-3180-3185-3190-3195-3200-3205-3210-3215-3220-3225-3230-3235-3240-3245-3250-3255-3260-3265-3270-3275-3280-3285-3290-3295-3300-3305-3310-3315-3320-3325-3330-3335-3340-3345-3350-3355-3360-3365-3370-

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For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
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COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Somerset county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Arctostook county.

The leather trust has begun putting
the price of leather right up to the top
notch—for revenue only.

After interruptions by fire and sick-
ness, Mr. L. P. Evans has assumed edi-
torial control of the *Piscataquis Observer*.

We are indebted to Senator Hale for
Government Agricultural Reports. Our
subscribers will please step in and help
themselves.

In this year of great crops, Texas
wanted to provide something peculiarly
its own for the Thanksgiving feast, and
so comes forward with 10,000,000 pounds
of pecans.

Mark Twain is having a triumphal
progress through Australia. This is as
it should be, and in honoring the great
American humorist these people honor
themselves.

The New York board of health an-
nounces that the use of antitoxin has
cut down the mortality from diphtheria
and croup in that city 45 per cent. The
opinion of the new remedy in New York
medical circles seems to be highly favor-
able.

A mania of suicide seems to have pre-
valled the last month in the New Eng-
land states, the assignable causes being,
prominently, the want of business, dis-
couragement, and poor health. Of the
twenty-one deaths on the October as-
sessment card of the A. O. U. W., three
are suicides.

We supposed that when the Western
creamery men began a suit against Sec-
retary McKee, claiming damages for his
effective crusade against them, it would
end in bluster. And it has. As soon as
they found that Mr. McKee was pre-
pared to fight them, the creamery sharks
dropped the cases.

It is a pity that such a deserving in-
stitution as the Maine General Hospital
in Portland should lack the funds to pay
its needed running expenses. Isn't there
some rich man who has a college or lib-
rary in his mind, who could better be-
stow a portion of his wealth on this Hos-
pital that has done so much for suffering
and infirm humanity?

One hundred miles in nine and one-
half hours was the record made by a
horseless carriage in Chicago the other
day. The contest was between a Ger-
man and a Springfield machine, propelled
by gasoline, in which the former was
the successful contestant. Large estab-
lishments are being erected for the
manufacture of these horseless carriages.

Mr. A. L. Goss of Auburn, of the well
known firm, the A. L. & E. F. Goss Com-
pany—among the best advertisers in the
Farmer—has just completed his new
house in Auburn, which with its equip-
ments and furnishings cost \$10,000.
Good judges pronounce it one of the
best arranged houses in Lewiston and
Auburn. It is lighted by electricity and
has two systems of heating in perfect
working order.

The printing of sermons in the Sunday
papers is a good thing. Now, if the pub-
lishers of Sunday newspapers will have
less bulk, less of the folly of fashionable
life, prize fights and sporting life, an op-
portunity may be given to secure a larger
number of readers of some of the best
accompanying thoughts of the ablest
minds. It is no use for the clergy or
any one else to fight the Sunday
paper. The best we can hope to do is
to keep its columns clean and healthful.

Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the eminent
English geographer and statistician, has
made some recalculation to find
whether the earth will be unable to find
nourishment for its population, and they
will be forced to cannibalism or starva-
tion. According to him, when the num-
ber exceeds 5,994,000,000, or in round
numbers 6,000,000,000, this emergency
will arise, and Mr. Ravenstein believes
the population of the globe will reach
this figure in 284 years more. So we
needn't worry about it this year.

Although Miss Vanderbilt gets a five-
million dollar instead of twice the
amount, as lately reported, she is very
certain, if her marriage to the Duke of
Marlborough is a success, to receive
other very large amounts from her father,
whose fortune is known to be more than
\$50,000,000. It is a safe enough estimate
that this marriage, together with those
of Miss Whitney to Mr. Paget and of the
daughter of H. H. Rogers to Mr. U. H.
Broughton, will transfer the ownership
of at least fifty millions of property from
this country to England.

Bangor Methodists have found a very
practical way to abolish the time limit.
Rev. H. E. Foss, whose five year pastorate
at Grace church must close in May
next in accordance with the rules of the
Methodist church, has been invited to
become pastor of the First Methodist
church in Bangor, at the beginning of the
next conference year, and Grace church
has invited Rev. J. M. Frost of First
church, to become Mr. Foss' successor at
Grace church, thus keeping both pastors
in Bangor for another term. This re-
minds us of the old reading book story,
where the two blacksmiths swapped
shops—"Tom Jones moves to my shop
and I move to his."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

On Tuesday last week, at the State
election in Massachusetts the men and
women of that Commonwealth had an
opportunity to express their opinion
upon the expediency of extending the
suffrage so far as to allow women to
vote in municipal elections. The resolve
making this referendum was passed by
the last legislature, and it was really the
first application there of this principle
of reference to the people where a vital
cause was concerned.

Now mark the result. Take the city
of Boston, where there are 100,000 women
of voting age. Seven-eighths of them by
failing to register, signified that they are
not asking to be made voters. The in-
expediency of woman suffrage was de-
clared by the thousands and tens of
thousands of women who neither regis-
tered or went to the polls. Who would
be so unkind or cruel as to thrust the
ballot upon woman when she does not
desire it? Who but a few cranks or ex-
tremists wish to load women down with
burdens and responsibilities which she
does not at present care to assume? Women
have trials and troubles enough al-
ready, without being compelled to
bear others which by her own intelli-
gent act she declares she does not wish
to bear. The manly man and the
womanly woman (not the new woman in
an offensive sense) will coincide with the
action of the women of Massachusetts,
just expressed.

Let us briefly analyze the vote in
Massachusetts. There was an adverse
majority of between 35,000 and 40,000 in
the State, and it would seem that, to
speak roundly, one-half of this majority
was rolled up in Boston. The vote of
Boston, complete, with the exception of
a single precinct, stands: Yes, 22,021;
no, 41,912; a majority of 19,891 in the
negative. In the six strong republican
wards about 43 per cent. of the total
vote on the referendum was for suffrage,
and in the other wards the suffragist
proportion dropped to 30 per cent. But,
whether republican or democratic, every
ward declared itself against the proposal,
and the city, as a whole, went nearly two
to one against it. We have felt confident
that Massachusetts would raise her voice
against a change which involved conse-
quences at once so important and so
difficult to measure in advance. Should
a similar question be submitted to the
voters of other States, a like result would
follow. The great mass of women do
not desire the ballot.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

Wise and Otherwise.
(He who keeps his eyes and ears open, sees
and hears much to approve as well as con-
demn.)

All over the State the members of the
Grange seem to be waking to the value
of the literary contests which have been
so productive of mental activity in years
past. If their city and town sisters could
but listen they would drop the idea of
intellectual sluggishness in the country.

Rhode Island is about to attempt the
experiment of assisting in the building
of roads, as the legislature has authorized
the State to construct, in any town will-
ing to assume one quarter of the cost,
one half mile of good road. Thus far
only a few towns have responded. Bet-
ter highways must be forthcoming every-
where, and that, too, in the near future.
The only question to be considered is
how to secure the best, and not overbur-
den taxpayers already carrying too
heavy a load of municipal expenses.

Mrs. Willard, in her address before
the W. C. T. U. at Baltimore, affirmed
that "the men who drink take less, and
that more men do not drink at all, than
in former years." Her reasons are that
"steam and electricity, machinery and
invention, have put level heads at a pre-
mium. In the widening fields of athletic,
alcoholic stimulation is discounten-
anced. The bicycle is the most influ-
ential temperance reformer of the age.
The science, civilization and religion of
the times check the drinking habit in
our country."

We say, and we say, and we say,
We promise, engage and declare,
Till a year from to-morrow is yesterday
And yesterday is—where?

—James Whitcomb Riley.
The well built eight and ten rowed
corn cobs in the possession of Mr. W. B.
Kendall, Bowdoinham, coming from the
Cliff Brothers, are proof positive of skill
in agriculture by these people of which
so little has yet been gleaned. What a
store it yet to be unravelled of their
habits and life work.

Kate Field says that while she was in
England she was asked in good faith
whether the language taught in the pub-
lic schools of the United States was Eng-
lish or American. "Oh, American," I
replied," says Miss Field. "English is a
dead language. It is only learned by
university men who go in for classics."
The infinite superiority of Nature's
handiwork over the finest work of man
is clearly illustrated in the relative fine-
ness of the point of a bee's sting and
that of a delicate cambric needle. Under
a powerful microscope the former is
hardly discernible while the latter ap-
pears to be about an inch in diameter,
and very coarse and rough in finish.

In many places where clubs flourish
a new order has been introduced, one
which should surely be fostered every-
where. It is known as the Home Pat-
ronage Club, the members being pledged
to purchase everything possible at home.
If there is to be home improvement and
growth there must be a fostering of all
worthy home industries. The day has
passed when the women of Maine can
save money by sending away for a spoon
of thread or a silk dress. Patronize the
Home Patronage Clubs and so build up
home industries.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the pioneer of
woman's rights, on Tuesday evening
celebrated the 80th anniversary of her
birthday, at the Metropolitan Opera
House in New York. Thousands of
ladies were present to do her honor.

Colby University has made the an-
nouncements for the season of its Uni-
versity Extension. Instruction is carried
on by lectures, class work, etc. Towns
that desire these lectures will correspond
with the faculty.

THE VANDERBILT WEDDING.

The much-talked-of wedding of Miss
Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of
Marlborough took place Wednesday, in
St. Thomas' church, New York city.
The hour set for the beginning of the
ceremony was 12 o'clock. At that hour
the church was thronged with the rep-
resentatives of New York's best society.
The edifice was gorgeously decorated for
the occasion, the floral display being
without doubt the most lavish that New
York has ever witnessed. It took a
squad of police to keep the throng away
from the church door, so that those who
were invited could enter.

The police succeeded by hard work in
keeping clear a passage for carriages.
The church within was decorated to the
perfection of the florist's art. No ex-
pense was spared to make the interior
of the edifice as beautiful as possible.
The vestibule was converted into a bower
of tropical vines and foliage. The walls
were lined with the rarest palms, and
the ceilings were hung with soft vines.
From the dome of the church massive
strands of foliage and flowers, lilies,
roses and chrysanthemums, were hung.
The choir and organ stalls were almost
hidden by banks of roses and lilies,
fringed at the bottom with pink and
white alpine violets, taking the place of
choir curtains, with arches of pots of
pink and white roses. In the pulpit was
a century old palm, and around its sides
were garlands of orchids and a drapery
of ferns. At the entrance to the centre
and side aisles gates of lilies and roses
were placed.

The full choir of the church was in
the choir alcove. George William War-
ren, the organist of the church, assisted
by a harpist, had charge of the music.
At 10:15 the concert began and contin-
ued until 11:15. The full New York
Symphony orchestra was stationed in the
gallery at the northeastern corner of the
church and filled the three-quarters of
an hour before the arrival of the bridal
party with enjoyable selections.

At 12 the officiating clergy, attired in
their clerical robes, entered from the
vestry room. Bishop Littlejohn who of-
ficiated, followed by Bishop Potter and
the Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of
the church, took their stations at the
chancel and waited the arrival of the
bride and bridegroom. At a few min-
utes before twelve carriages containing
the bride, her mother and the brides-
maids, drove up to the church. The
bridal party at once went to the small
room at the left of the entrance where
the last touches were put on the gowns
and everything was in readiness for the
ceremony.

Wm. K. Vanderbilt reached the church
on the minute of 12 o'clock. He drove
down from the Metropolitan Club and
escorted his daughter to the altar.
When all was ready for the ceremony
the church was closed and no one was
allowed to enter, whether or not they
were provided with a card.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was escorted up the
centre aisle to the front pew on the
north side, which she occupied with her
other children. The bridal procession
formed in the southern vestibule. Mr.
Warren then began the wedding march
from Lohengrin.

The Duke of Marlborough, with his
best man, his cousin, the Hon. Ivor
Guest, entered the church from the
vestry room, and took their seats at the
right of the chancel and awaited the
coming of the bride. The Duke wore a
frock suit of dark gray cloth, a white
ascot tie, patent leather shoes and white
gloves. The ushers marched up the
side aisles and took their stations in
front of and at either side of the chan-
cel. The bridesmaids led the bridal
procession, walking two and two. Then
came Miss Vanderbilt on the arm of her
father, and carrying in her left hand the
bridal bouquet.

The bridesmaids took positions at
either side of the chancel. The bride-
groom stepped forward and took the
right hand of Miss Vanderbilt and led
her to the chancel steps. The marriage
rite of the Episcopal church then fol-
lowed, Bishop Littlejohn officiating.
Immediately after he had given his
daughter away, Mr. Vanderbilt quietly
left the church. When the marriage
ceremony was over the Duke and his
bride went to the vestry room and sig-
nied the marriage register. At the
same time each of the bridesmaids took
a basket of nosegays and marched back
up the aisle, distributing them among
the guests.

As the Duke and his bride reentered
the church the orchestra played the wed-
ding march from Tannhauser. The
bridesmaids returned to the chancel and
the bridal party marched down the aisle,
the ushers leading. The bridesmaids
followed them and then came the Duke
and his bride. After them came Mrs.
Vanderbilt on the arm of Mr. Guest.
The party immediately entered carriages
and drove to Mrs. Vanderbilt's house,
where the reception and breakfast fol-
lowed.

When the young Duchess of Marl-
borough leaves her native land she will
take with her some wonderful, exquisite
and expensive wedding gifts. Mrs. Wil-
liam K. Vanderbilt has given to her
daughter her entire marvelous set of
pearls, consisting of one very long string,
on which it would not be an exaggeration
to say is quite a yard in length. Each
pearl must be half an inch in diameter.
There is besides a collar of pearls con-
siderably larger than those composing
the long string, each pearl alternating
with a solitary diamond. Still another
necklace of pearls and diamonds in an-
tique gold and enamel setting is a gift
from Mrs. Vanderbilt's aunt, Miss
Armida Smith. From her brother Har-
old there is a circlet of diamonds, which
is attached to a slender crescent of the
same beautiful gems, which, though
intended for the head can be worn for
a corsage ornament.

Other additions to the future Duchess'
jewel box are a beautiful square emerald
set in a ring with a diamond on
either side, from Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt;
a turquoise and diamond ring from Miss
Katherine Duer; a blue enamel watch,
set with diamonds and pendant to a true
lover's knot, from Mr. Ivor Guest; a pen-
dant heart, encrusted with diamonds,

from Miss May Goelet; a unique pearl
brooch, the irregularly shaped pearl sug-
gesting to the artist the body of a swan,
the neck and wings being carried out in
diamonds, from Mrs. Richard M. Hunt;
a ring set with a superb square cut sap-
phire and two diamonds, from Mr. Perry
Belmont; and a pair of side combs set
with small pearls, from Miss Daisy Post.
One of the Duke's gifts is a circlet of
gold, set with diamonds. Mrs. William
Astor's gift is a purse of golden mesh,
the fastening being circular in shape and
set with turquoise and diamonds. There
are other gifts almost without number,
from the bride's admirers and associates,
which we have not the space to enumer-
ate.

The Tennessee Exposition.

The work of preparing the grounds
for the Tennessee Centennial exposition
goes steadily forward. The past week
has witnessed the tearing down of the
old grand stand on the site where the
great Commerce, or Liberal Arts build-
ing is to be erected, and a material ad-
vancement of the grading on the whole
place. The lake basins are nearly fin-
ished and the greater portion of the
terracing has been completed. The
sodding will begin in two weeks and by
that time the architects will have com-
pleted the designs for six of the main
buildings. The erection of these struc-
tures will begin at once and by the mid-
dle of winter they will be ready for staff.
By Christmas the designs of six other
main buildings will be in the hands of
the director general, and work on these
edifices will begin Jan. 1. This plan
will leave only the smaller buildings to
be built next spring and summer, and
give assurance that everything will be
ready for the opening, Sept. 1, 1896.

The idea of massing the larger build-
ings is being pursued by the manage-
ment for the convenience of the visitors
to the fair. The buildings will comprise
twenty main buildings of from 40,000 to
125,000 square feet area, in the centre of
which will stand upon a terrace an exact
reproduction of the famous Parthenon
at Athens, with an heroic statue of
Minerva before it. These main build-
ings will contain a vast array of curiosi-
ties, arts, manufactures and resources of
the world. All the walks will be con-
structed of asphalt. On the grounds
there will be lakes, one of 15 acres, a
running stream and an overshot water
wheel; at least five specially attractive
fountains, one operated by electricity,
and four designed by artists of wide re-
putation, and many smaller ones. The
electrical effects will embrace the latest
inventions in displays, among them
being a crown of incandescent lights
revolving upon a steel tower 300 feet
high, and spelling the words "Tennessee
Centennial, 1896." Near the main en-
trance will be erected, entirely of Ten-
nessee marble, an arch 60 feet high and
of 60 feet span, and there will be a build-
ing constructed of Tennessee coal, and
covered with slate from Tennessee. The
music and amusement features will be of
the most striking character.

Election Aftermath.

The result of the November elections
was about as we stated last week, only
the republican majorities are larger than
we gave.

Iowa—Francis Marion Drake, rep.,
elected Governor by 80,000 plurality.
Legislature republican by two-thirds
majority. The total vote of the Repub-
licans reaches 50,000.

Kansas—David Martin, rep., elected
Chief Justice.
Kentucky—William C. Bradley, rep.,
elected Governor by 10,000 plurality.
The republicans have elected fifty mem-
bers of the House and fifteen members
of the Senate.

Mississippi—Anselm Joseph Mc-
Laurin, dem., elected Governor by 50,
000 plurality.
Nebraska—T. L. Norval, rep., elected
Judge of the Supreme Court by 25,000
plurality.

New Jersey—John W. Griggs, rep.,
elected Governor by 25,000 plurality. The
next Senate will stand: Republicans, 18;
democrats, 3. The lower house will
stand: Republicans, 41; democrats, 19.

New York—John Palmer, rep., elected
Secretary of State by 90,000 plurality.
The latest returns show that the next
legislature will be made up as follows:
In the Senate, 37 republicans, 1 indepen-
dent republican, 9 Tammany and 3 dem-
ocrats. Republican majority, 24. In the
Assembly, 102 republicans, 27 Tammany
and 21 democrats. Republican majority,
54.

Ohio—Asa S. Bushnell, rep., elected
Governor by 114,000 plurality. The
House will contain 88 republicans and 22
democrats. The Senate will contain
30 republicans and six democrats.
Pennsylvania—Bryan J. Haywood, rep.,
elected State Treasurer by 161,914
plurality.
Utah—Heber M. Wells, rep., elected
Governor by 1500 plurality. The legis-
lature will be: 13 republicans, 13 dem-
ocrats; House, 33 republicans, 12
democrats; giving the republicans a ma-
jority of 29 on joint ballot. Clarence E.
Allen, rep., is elected to congress. The
republicans will elect the United States
senators.

Virginia—The legislature is democ-

One of Pasteur's Boldest Experiments.
The secret of attenuation had thus be-
come an open one to Pasteur, says the
Revue de Revue. He laid hold of the
murderous virus of splenic fever, and
succeeded in rendering it not only har-
less to life, but a sure protection against
the virus in its most concentrated form.
No man can work at these subjects so
rapidly as Pasteur without falling into
the errors of detail. But this may oc-
cur while his main position remains im-
pregnable. Such a result, for example,
as that obtained in the presence of so
many witnesses at Melun, must remain
an ever memorable conquest of science.
Having prepared his attenuated virus,
and proved by laboratory experiments
its efficacy as a protective vaccine, Pas-
teur accepted an invitation from the
President of the Society of Agriculture
at Melun to make a public experiment on
what might be called an agricultural
scale. This act of Pasteur's is, perhaps,
the boldest thing recorded in this book.
It naturally caused anxiety among his
colleagues of the academy, who feared
that he had been rash in closing with the
proposal of the President.

But the experiment was made. A
flock of sheep was divided into two
groups, the members of one group being
all vaccinated with the attenuated virus,
while those of the other group were left
unvaccinated. A number of cows were
also subjected to a precisely similar
treatment. Fourteen days afterward
all the sheep and all the cows, vaccinated
and unvaccinated, were inoculated with
a very virulent virus; and three days
subsequently more than two hundred
persons assembled to witness the result.
The "shout of admiration," mentioned
by M. Radot, was a natural outburst
under the circumstances. Of twenty-five
sheep which had not been protected by
vaccination, twenty-one were already
dead, and the remaining four were dy-
ing. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep,
on the contrary, were "in full health and
gaiety." In the unvaccinated cows in-
fection was produced, while the prostr-
ation was so great that they were un-
able to eat. Tumors were also formed
at the points of inoculation. In the
vaccinated cows no tumors were formed;
they exhibited no fever, nor even an ele-
vation of temperature, while their pow-
er of feeding was unimpaired. No won-
der that "breeders of cattle overwhelmed
Pasteur with applications for vaccine."
At the end of 1881 close upon 2,000 ani-
mals had been vaccinated, while the
number rose in 1883 to nearly 50,000.

The Paget-Whitney Wedding.
Under a bright, clear sky, and within
the sacred portals of St. Thomas church,
New York, Miss Pauline Payne Whitney,
daughter of William C. Whitney, former-
ly Secretary of the Navy, was, shortly
after noon, Tuesday, wedded to Almeric
Hugh Paget, youngest son of the late
General Lord Alfred Paget, and grand-
son of the 1st Marquis of Anglesey.

On this occasion, numbered among the
wedding guests were President Cleve-
land and members of his cabinet who
journeyed from Washington to do honor
to the young couple. There were pres-
ent, too, Governor Morton and a score
of diplomats.

Bishop Potter performed the ceremony.
The wedding breakfast was served at
the Whitney mansion, 5th avenue and
57th street. About 100 of Miss Whit-
ney's nearest friends had been invited.
The breakfast was served in the large
ball room, which had been transformed
into a beautiful flower bower for the
day. Among those who participated in
the breakfast in addition to President Cleve-
land, were President Cleveland, Sec-
retary Lamont, Governor and Mrs. Mor-
ton, the British ambassador, Sir Julian
Pancroft, Lord Westmeath and Lady
Colebrook.

The wedding gifts were numerous,
and valued at hundreds of thousands of
dollars. Mrs. and Mrs. Cleveland sent a
large, two-handled silver vase, and Sec-
retary Lamont a beautiful painted fan.
Mr. Whitney presented his daughter
with the famous Whitney family jewels.
In addition he gave her a magnificent
necklace, containing over 200 pearls and
80 diamonds. Another beautiful neck-
lace, composed of over 200 green opals
and diamonds, was the gift of Charles
William Bingham.

Faced Death for Hours.
James Flavin, whose home is in
Toronto, arrived in Bangor, Wednesday
night, and tells a story of hardship and
adventure at sea. He was a member of
the crew of the schooner Frank L., of
St. John, N. B., which was wrecked off
Beaver Head, several miles from shore.

The vessel was from St. John to New
York. She struck a ledge during the
night. The vessel was very close to the
yawl and got away.
The schooner went down and the crew
left clinging to wreckage, which
floated off. For many hours they were
at the mercy of the sea. The weather
was fearfully cold, and the water icy.
Flavin saved Capt. Berry's life by
holding him on some wreckage after
seeing him as he was about to be
drowned.

At daylight the life saving crew saw
something which resembled wreckage
floating some three miles from shore.
Boats put out and the crew was saved,
more dead than alive.
Flavin lost all the money he had. He
applied to Collector Simpson at Bangor,
and will be sent home.

The President has issued a proclama-
tion suspending the prohibition of the
importation of neat cattle from Norway,
Sweden, Holland, Great Britain, Ireland,
the channel islands and the countries of
North, Central and South America, in-
cluding Mexico, and of the hides of neat
cattle from all parts of the world. The
prohibition against neat cattle was issued
under a provision of the tariff bill of
1894, but recently the Secretary of agri-
culture certified to the President that
the countries named were free from con-
tagious or infectious disease among ani-
mals.

The Baltimore American tenderly says:
"Peace be with Eugene Field! His
death was a loss to every household where
the music of childhood has been heard.
It was a loss to every human heart over
whose shallow the ripples of laughter
have played, and into whose deeper
depths the sorrow of bereavement has
floored. He had a strangely natural genius,
flickering between a smile and a tear,
and he wrote himself into the affections
of millions by his verses and his prose."

In Bloomfield, N. J., a load of hay was
upset by the side of a trolley track. A
car coming along threw electric sparks into
it and the entire load was burned.

Wholesale fruit firms in Portland have
quadrupled in number within three
years.

Rev. Manley B. Townsend, who has
accepted a call to the Universalist parish
in Dover, began his pastorate Sunday,
Nov. 10.

Rev. H. J. Wells, pastor of the Con-
gregational church, Union, has read his
resignation, to take effect the last Sun-
day in November. Some 50 members
have joined the church during his pas-
torate of five years. He goes to Brook-
lyn, N. Y., as an assistant pastor.

Evangelist Royce has been holding a
series of revival meetings at Burnham.
The Chestnut street Methodist church
in Portland celebrated its centennial
last week. Rev. Charles F. Allen, D. D.,
gave a most interesting history.
Rev. J. G. Dutton, pastor of the First
Christian church at Kittery, tendered
his resignation Sunday, to take effect
Jan. 31. He has received a call from a
church in the West.

Notary Public—George A. Safford,
Hallowell; Edward Woodman, Portland;
E. C. Ambrose, Hollis.

Trial Justice—Addison E. Haley,
Kennebunk; Willis S. Townsend, Ste-
venston.

Justice of the Peace and Quorum—
Charles H. Adams, Limerick; J. J.
Bond, Jefferson; Samuel T. Dole, Wind-
ham; Albert B. Erskine, Alna; John G.
Eaton, Sedgewick; Thomas E. Eaton,
Deer Isle; H. E. Foster, Winthrop;
Frederic M. Fogler, Augusta; H. H.
Gray, Milbridge; Luther V. Gilmore,
Brewer; I. W. Hanson, Auburn; W. E.
Maxey, Gardiner; Fred L. Mills, Lew-
iston; Frederick Hale Parkhurst, Bangor;
James C. Scott, Greenbush; John A.
Waterman, Gorham; Walter H. West,
Belfast; Jarvis B. Woods, Calais; Ed-
ward Woodman, Portland; J. D. War-
ren, Bangor; Servilla A. Bennett, Nor-
way; Percy A. Bridgman, Bangor.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Rev. Manley B. Townsend, who has
accepted a call to the Universalist parish
in Dover, began his pastorate Sunday,
Nov. 10.

CITY NEWS.

—We have had the genuine golden
Indian summer weather.
—There is a great boom in the banking
business, with fir and spruce boughs as
capital.
—The condition of Rev. Dr. Ricker
has not been so favorable the past ten
days.
—Several parties are negotiating for
the purchase of the store and stock of
the late George S. Ballard.
—Furnace fires were allowed to go
out, and people sat at their open doors
and windows, Friday evening. It was
just like a summer evening.
—Edward L. Whitehouse of this city,
a graduate of Harvard, is now in the
State department at Washington, acting
as chief of the consular bureau.

—The growth of the city in the direc-
tion of Hallowell has been so rapid the
past few years, that in the month of time
Augusta will naturally absorb her sister
city.

—The beauty of the weather the past
few weeks has brought forth many ex-
clamations of delight. After all, there
is no climate like that of Maine. Cali-
fornia can't beat it.

—Mr. Walker, the popular ticket
agent at the Maine Central station here,
recently took a trip to New York and
Philadelphia. He was on the Puritan
when she struck on the ledge.

—Thursday evening the horse of
William C. Noyes of North Vassalboro
collided with a wagon in this city, break-
ing both legs. The horse was shot and
buried by order of the

Items of Maine News.

Herring are reported very plentiful in Lubec Narrows this season. There was sufficient snow on the ground Nov. 1st for the Parkman stage to run to Guilford on runners.

Mitchell Hussey of Orono killed a large moose on Great Works stream which weighed over 1,100 pounds.

Fred N. Berry has been commissioned postmaster at South Bridgton, vice T. B. Knapp.

It is intended to have the foundation of the new insane hospital in Bangor, before winter weather comes on.

The schools at Saco, on the east side, have been closed on account of scarlet fever.

A patent has been granted to Henry P. Churchill of Deering on a toothpick machine.

Frank Calder of Campobello took from his near Frar's Head the other day, a number of mackerel, some of which weighed three pounds each.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad held in Bangor, Monday, Hiram P. Oliver of Bangor was elected a Director in place of John F. Colby, deceased.

The late Dr. W. A. Albee of Rockland carried a life insurance of about \$80,000. His widow will also receive a considerable sum from the numerous fraternities with which he was connected.

Albert N. Snow, for years cashier in the Maine Central freight office in Bangor, died Monday night after an illness of six weeks. The cause of his death was Bright's disease of the kidneys.

One of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Piscataquis county, Hon. Jason Hassell, died suddenly at his home in Bangor last Friday of heart failure, aged 72 years.

The proprietors of the Biddeford Record were on Monday night sued in \$5000 for the publication of a communication from ex-City Solicitor Charles T. Read, in which he declared that Dr. Francis G. Warren was a liar.

Work is reported as plenty in Piscataquis county and good men are hard to find. A representative of the Williamson Line Co. tried hard to hire twenty men in Monson to work in the birch woods and succeeded in getting but five.

Thieves entered the residence of J. H. Bell at Kennebunkport, Saturday night, while the family were asleep, and stole from Mr. Bell's clothing, a pocketbook containing \$50. The burglars entered by a rear window.

Rev. Father P. E. Dupont, pastor of St. Joseph's church, in Biddeford, is arranging for the erection of a \$25,000 building to be used as an orphanage. When completed he will integrate St. Joseph's society as a memorial building.

The body of Michael Collins of Old Town, the guide who was drowned two or three weeks ago while endeavoring to reach the foot of the lake from Kineo in a canoe, accompanied by Kenneth A. Taylor, a Boston sportsman, was found by a searching party Wednesday afternoon.

Charles Holston left the house of Samuel Toothaker, East Harpwell, just before last week's storm to go to Mark Island. He had dreamed that Kid's gold was buried there. Since that time he has not been heard from and it is feared he was capsized in the storm or blown out to sea.

Turner McKenney of Woolwich died Friday morning after a sickness of several weeks. His age was about 92, and he was the oldest person in town. He was a farmer and was highly respected for his intelligence and integrity of character, and had been entrusted by the town with offices of the highest responsibility.

Just after midnight, Thursday, while Watchman Pishard was at the station, watching the train, a hole drilled in the safe, which was badly burned, but not blown open. It is believed to be the same gang who have recently operated at Kennebunk.

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News has been received of the death in Minneapolis of Mr. W. A. Dolliver, formerly a well known insurance man in Bangor.

Build On the Solid Basis Of Pure, Rich, Red Blood, Health Is real and lasting. Opiate Compounds, Narcotics And Nerve Stimulants are Temporary and Dangerous.

Wood's Sarsaparilla

Builds permanent Good Health Because it Purifies, Vitalizes And Enriches the Blood. Cures Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia. Try it.

Prepared by C. I. Wood & Co., Lowell, Mass. U. S. A.

Wood's Pills are the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. See.

gor. Mr. Dolliver and a friend had arranged to go on a hunting trip in the section in the vicinity of Minneapolis, and he had gone on one day ahead of his friend to the camp. When his friend arrived there he found Mr. Dolliver dead and alone in the camp. Heart disease was the cause. Mr. Dolliver was a native of Kennebunk, and when a young man was engaged in the insurance business in Bangor, being connected with a local company. He went to the West about twenty years ago. His age was 50 years.

An idea of Maine's value as a game preserve is illustrated by the circular being sent out by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. During the month of October there were shipped from stations on this road 669 deer, 53 moose and 37 caribou. The stations from which game was shipped were Presque Isle, Mars Hill and Blaine, Oakfield, Island Falls, Crystal, Sherman, Stacyville, Grindstone, Millinocket, Norcross, West Sebastic, Sebastic, Brownville, Milo, Katahdin Iron Works, Brownville Junction, Monson, Greenville, Blanchard and Sebec. In addition to the above three bears and a large amount of small game was shipped.

The Grand Army posts of Oxford County were at South Paris, Thursday, the guests of William K. Kimball Post, and the streets were filled with fine looking veterans in blue. These posts came with most of their members: Harry Rust Post, of Norway, Dr. S. A. Bennett, commander; T. A. Roberts Post, of Oxford, A. J. Holden, commander; Fessenden Post, of Buckfield, W. F. Chase, commander; Whitman Post, of F. Y. Post, C. B. Bessey, commander; Barrow's Post of Sumner, J. A. Noyes, commander. The afternoon was passed in an enjoyable campfire at which many a veteran recounted stirring tales of army life and adventure.

Burglaries are plenty in Oxford county. During Monday night burglars entered the house of Mrs. Edwin Howe and secured four dollars and a gold watch. The house of E. P. Stone, drugist, also was entered and nothing was taken. Charles A. Price's house, near the Grand Trunk depot, was entered from the front door by pinchers used on the lock, but nothing was missing except a pair of shoes. The school house at Norway Lake is made the headquarters of the gang, and they were routed out at an early hour Tuesday morning, but none were captured. The post office at South Paris was entered and a hole drilled in the safe, which was badly burned, but not blown open. It is believed to be the same gang who have recently operated at Kennebunk.

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Awful Fatality—Forty Lives Lost.

The battery of boilers in the building of the Evening Journal at Detroit, Mich., exploded at 9 o'clock, Wednesday morning, wrecking the buildings 45 and 47 West Larned street, killing at least forty persons, wounding twenty others more or less seriously, and causing a money loss of \$60,000.

The Detroit Journal was located at Shelby and Larned streets. Next east of its building in part of the same block were two 20 foot fronts which constituted the scene of the disaster. One of these were wholly occupied by John Davis & Co., salaratus manufacturers and dealers in grocery supplies, and in the basement of the other were two boilers which exploded. Just above the boiler on the first floor was the Journal's mailing room. The second floor was occupied by the Kohl Brand Engraving Co. and W. W. Dunlop & Co. were on the typograph supplies. On the third and fourth floors was J. George Hillar's book bindery, on the top floor was the Journal's stereotyping room.

The first intimation the neighborhood got of the disaster was a tremendous report, followed by a blinding cloud of debris, smoke and steam. Before this cleared away the whole five floors and people working on the floors were inextricable mass of wreckage. The force of the explosion threw down the wall between 45 and 47 Larned street, and the joists which rested on it came down, tearing themselves away from the adjoining wall. A heavy fire wall separated this building from the main building of the Journal company. Although several holes were blown through it, this wall remained strong. Mr. Dolliver dead and alone in the camp. Heart disease was the cause. Mr. Dolliver was a native of Kennebunk, and when a young man was engaged in the insurance business in Bangor, being connected with a local company. He went to the West about twenty years ago. His age was 50 years.

Efforts were instituted at once to put out the fire, and to rescue the victims buried in the ruins, thousands of people having gathered at the scene. As the workers dug into the debris and the air got into it the furnace fires set the debris from the bindery ablaze, and the wreckers were driven back by smoke through which from time to time came muffled cries for help. The firemen worked heroically and the streams turned on the blaze soon checked the fire so that a gang of laborers could get into the debris.

A awful sight was seen by the rescuers of men and women caught in the ruins, pinned down or flattened by blocks of granite, beams, etc. These fearful sights we do not care to detail. The concussion caused by the explosion was so terrific as to shake every building within several blocks of the Journal office. Windows were broken and many persons were injured by the flying glass. Thirteen persons were killed, and many were wounded. The explosion was so terrific as to shake every building within several blocks of the Journal office. Windows were broken and many persons were injured by the flying glass. Thirteen persons were killed, and many were wounded.

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GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

—Showhenge Grange was entertained Tuesday evening of last week, by Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bradbury, at their home at Malbon's Mills. About one hundred were present. The evening was spent in social intercourse, intermingled with music. Songs were rendered by Dr. M. L. Marr, C. E. Dealey and Nay Varney. Mrs. Alex Cox presided at the organ. Refreshments were served. Several presents were left by the guests, also a purse of money. It was a late hour when the company dispersed, and all united in wishing long life and happiness to the newly wedded couple.

—Palmyra Grange will celebrate their second anniversary the 10th of November. Pittsfield Grange will be invited. A harvest dinner will be served in the upper hall. Mr. Stetson, the State Lecturer, is expected to speak. Palmyra Grange and Grand will furnish music for the occasion.

—Seaside Grange, Belfast, seems to be starting on a season of prosperity in advance of what it has been enjoying in the past, which has been very satisfactory. The new hall is closed in, and work is being done on the new building as rapidly as possible. The Grange initiated one candidate, Saturday evening, and has three applicants ready.

—Honesty Grange, Morrill, is receiving new members and holding interesting meetings. Last Wednesday evening the question, "Are farmers making more money than fifty years ago?" produced a lively discussion, and a vivid comparison of domestic life now and then. The new hall is closed in, and work is being done on the new building as rapidly as possible. The Grange initiated one candidate, Saturday evening, and has three applicants ready.

—The new Grange hall at Winthrop is nearly completed, and will soon be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The Monmouth Grange celebrated the taking of the fourth degree by nine members, with a harvest supper Wednesday evening. This organization is fast gaining in numbers and popularity in Monmouth.

—Waldo County Pomona Grange met with Mystic Grange, November 5th. The meeting was called to order by the Worthy Overseer, J. G. Harding, and the Past Master was invited to take the chair. The evening was very profitable and ably welcomed the Pomona. Miss Hills is a young girl in her teens, and this was her first attempt, yet she gave one of the finest addresses ever given in Waldo County, and Dr. D. O. Harding, who made some excellent remarks. The meeting was held in Odd Fellows' Hall, Grange Hall not being large enough for the occasion, in fact, there is no Grange hall in Oxford county of sufficient capacity to conveniently accommodate a Pomona meeting when well attended as they usually are. Eleven Granges were represented.

Twenty-two candidates were instructed in the Pomona degree. A half hour was devoted to a discussion of the question, "What Woman Should Read and When She Should Read It." At the afternoon meeting an interesting literary program was given, including an address on "The Successes of Grange Work, its Necessities and Opportunities." A vote of thanks was extended to State Master Wiggins for his attendance and words of good cheer. The next meeting will be held at South Paris the first Tuesday in December.

At the last meeting of Cumberland County Pomona Grange the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas, it has pleased our Divine Master to remove from our midst our late brother, J. W. Hambley, therefore be it resolved, That by his death we have lost a valuable member whose wise counsel and admiring: one who was ever ready and willing to perform the duties devolving upon him, both as a brother and citizen; and be it further resolved, That the committee on Grange be conveyed to the widow and family of our deceased brother, committing them to the family of our deceased brother, also that they be sent to the Maine Farmer for publication.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Pomona Grange and be read at the next meeting of the Grange, also that they be sent to the Maine Farmer for publication.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For all the Family.

52 Times a Year.

Six Holiday Numbers.

700 Large Pages.

\$1.75 A Year.

Send for Full Illustrated Prospectus and Sample Copies Free.

50-cent CALENDAR FREE

REMARKABLE OFFER! New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it AT ONCE with name and address, and \$1.75, will receive: FREE—The Youth's Companion every week till January 1, 1896. FREE—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Double Number. FREE—Our Handsome 4-page Calendar (7 x 10 inches), lithographed in nine colors. Retail price, 50 cents. AND THE COMPANION 52 weeks, a full year, to January 1, 1897.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Send Check, Post-Office or Express Order, or Registered Letter, at Our Risk.

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Poetry.

A LOVE BUT BEAUTIFUL GRAVE.

BY BERTHA F. HILLMAN.

When my soul is torn and weary,
With the troubles which come to this life,
I sometimes steal away where 'tis quiet,
Away from all discord and strife.

Then there comes before my mental vision
A lone but beautiful grave,
Which lies out there in the distance
In a quiet forest glade.

On one side rolls mother ocean,
In her angry mood sublime,
On the other stand lofty mountains,
Which have been seared and seamed by time.

In this glade through the months of summer,
The daisies do sweetly bloom,
And the maiden hair ferns nod in silence,
While they exhale their rare perfume.

Here the birds sing in the tree tops
Their farweld songs to the day,
And the sun, as it sinks in the azure,
Sends athwart its last mellow ray.

In this grave sleeps a gentle maiden,
Whose soul was as pure as a dove's,
Who sailed in the Master's vineyard,
With a faith which came from above.

When the Father saw she was weary,
He must have said, "She has done her best,
She shall reign with me in glory,
I will give her eternal rest."

Thoughts like these fill the tumults
Which rise in my rebellious soul;
I return to my toils more peaceful
And patiently work towards the goal.

Troy.

For the Maine Farmer.

CONSOLATION.

BY ISA C. DREW.

These dear ones who have left us are not
Dead,
Tho' year by year love brings its flower or
wreath
To lay upon their graves, and tears are shed;
This life is mortal as by us called dead.

How bliss to know our dear ones there are
Free
From every ill! and that their love may
reach
From heaven to earth, a messenger to
teach.

Between them and us, and sweet submission
teach.
Their voices we so love thro' weary years
Will come to us, some message sweet to
bring.

A recompense for loneliness and tears,
To take away from death its bitter sting.
Their perfect joys, their hearts are still our
own;

With their thro' faith, their heavenly home
we share;
While memory lingers they are not alone,
As patiently we wait to join them there.

Then weep not if you have a friend in
Heaven;
That heart will never there grow cold or
change.
Communion sweet, shall then to you be
given;

A love that finds thro' death its highest
range.
Then still thy grief; our loved ones are not
lost;
These jewels set in God's own diadem,
Shall light our path thro' life, tho' tempest
tossed,
And bring us soon to safety and to them.
South Berwick Junction.

Our Story Teller.

MODINGTON'S MONEY.

BY WILL LENSEE.

It was a nasty business that I got
into on my last trip to Rio, but it was
all the fault of Ruggie, or, I might say,
it was the fault of the bad rum he had
been drinking; for Ruggie would drink,
and it did seem that he always picked up
the vilest stuff he could get his lips to.

Our ship, the Flying Fish, had been
lying in port at Rio for nearly a week,
and as Capt. Hope was very easy with
his men, we came and went pretty
much as we pleased. There was not a
day that Ruggie did not go ashore, and
though he managed to keep pretty
straight when under the eyes of the
captain, I knew well enough that he
was drinking more rum than was good
for him.

But drinking was not the only fault
Ruggie had, for once let him get filled
up on rum, and he would be seized with
an almost insane passion for gambling.
At such times he seemed totally devoid
of all reason and would willingly stake
his last copper on any game, no matter
how great the odds might be against
him. I have seen him bet his clothes,
his last plug of tobacco, and even his
allowance of rum, which was saying a
great deal in Ruggie's case—upon the
most trivial incidents of the voyage,
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Among the few who were to take pas-
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man by the name of Richard Modington.
He had amassed quite a snug for-
tune in some speculating schemes in
Rio, it was said, and was now return-
ing to his native land to enjoy the fruits
of his labor. His luggage had been sent
to the Flying Fish, and, as he was an
old friend of Capt. Hope, he came
aboard himself, though we were not to
sail for several days. He spent most of
his time in his cabin, for it was whis-
pered that he brought a large amount of
money with him and wanted to be near
it.

I had been knocking about the city
in the afternoon, and about sunset, as
I was returning to the ship, I met Ruggie.
He carried a small hand satchel and
seemed greatly excited. I could see that
he had been drinking, and I would have
been left him, but he held on to me,
saying that he wished to talk to me on
important business. Reluctantly I
followed him into a brightly-lighted
public house, and, passing to the rear
end of the room, we entered a small and
took seats at a table. My companion
ordered some refreshments and wine,
insisting that he would not disclose his
business with me till we had eaten and
drunk.

I was but a youth then, and though I
had been three years a sailor I had
never tasted strong drink. Urged on
by Ruggie, I drank a glass of the wine.
The taste was pleasant and the effect
very strange to me, and it took little
persuasion to induce me to take the
next glass. I kept this up till my brain
was in a whirl and my senses numbed.
Then it was that Ruggie began to un-
fold his object in detaining me.

He first opened the satchel and drew
therefrom a large roll of United States
money and a bag filled with Spanish
doubloons. He held them before my
eyes and began to talk wildly, incoher-
ently, of some vast fortune he was soon
to gain through their agency. My
senses were too much benumbed by the
wine to feel any great surprise at seeing
so much wealth in his possession, yet I
sat stupidly waiting for him to explain.

"It's old Modington's money," he said,
at length, in a hoarse whisper. "But I
didn't steal it. Oh, no, Ruggie has
never been guilty of that—not if he
knows it! I've only borrowed it, Jack,
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"But—but what do you mean to do
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He closed one eye, stared at me with
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"I ain't no fool, Jack," he said, laying
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Your Pork
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Farmers who are using it say they
never made such good Pork before.

The Ferris Hams and Bacon famous
for their fine quality, are Salted exclu-
sively with Worcester Salt.

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arms. My Lord Cornwallis has turned
north and in a month will have defeated
and captured that little boy of a French-
man, La Fayette. With their armies
of the south and of the center defeated,
he will move next spring upon the only
remaining armies of the rebels, that
under the miscreant Washington. It
will be a short campaign, a battle, a
rout, a pursuit and then peace—and
with peace will come its delightful
handmaiden love. And then—then,
Miss Poindeux, I shall have the
lover of claims and for a bride, or
selling out my commission and living
the quiet life of an English country
gentleman for, I hope, the rest of my
life."

"A charming arrangement of events
for yourself, my dear Capt. Webb! But
I must say it appears to me as though
Gen. Cornwallis' movement into Vir-
ginia is more like a retreat than the ad-
vance of a victorious and conquering
army."

"On what utter nonsense do these
misguided colonists feed their despair-
ing hopes?" answered the captain.

"Why, it would be no more ridiculous
for you to assume that a detachment
of Marion's outlaws were here, sur-
rounding this very house, and that I
was in danger of becoming a prisoner
to them, as to—that was that?"

The captain jumped hurriedly from his seat
and, grasping the railing of the veran-
da in front of him for support, looked
anxiously up and down the road that
ran in front of the old plantation.

"It seemed to me like the winding
of a horn," said the lady, calmly.

"And, by my faith, I heard the gal-
loping of short canons, and a short canon,"
continued the captain, excitedly.

"Inside, inside, captain, as your value
your liberty," said the lady; "I saw
a mounted man in uniform there in the
lushes just now, and I know the uni-
form well."

"And the wearer?"

"Yes, the wearer."

